Nosce Teipsum.

This Oracle expounded in two *Elegies.*

1. Of Humane Knowledge.
2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie thereof.

Hymnes of *Astræa* in Acrosticke Verse.

ORCHESTRA,

OR,

A Poeme of Dauncing.

In a Dialogue betweene *Penelope*, and one of her Wooers.

Not finished.

LONDON,

Printed by *Augustine Mathewes* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Chancery Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1622.

TO MY MOST GRACIOVS DREAD SOVERAIGNE.

TO that cleere Maiestie, which in the North,
Doth like another Sunne in glory rise,
Which standeth fixt yet spreads her heauenly worth,
Loadstone to Hearts, and Loadstarre to all Eyes.

Like Heau'n in all, like th'Earth in this alone,
That though great States by her support doe stand,
Yet she her selfe supported is of none,
But by the finger of the Almighties hand:

To the diuinest and the richest minde,
Both by Arts purchase, and by Natures Dowre,
That euer was from Heauen to Earth confin'd,
To shew the vtmost of a Creatures power:

To that great Spirit, which doth great Kingdomes moue,
The sacred Spring, whence Right *and* Honor *streames,*
Distilling Vertue, *shedding* Peace *and* Loue,
In euery place, as Cynthia *sheds her beames:*

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reason, liue, and moue, and be,
These sparkes by Nature euermore assure,
Which makes them to so high *an* Highnesse *flee.*

Faire Soule, *since to the fairest body knit,*
You giue such liuely life, such quickning power,
Such sweet celestiall influence to it,
As keepes it still in Youth immortall flower:

(As where the Sunne is present all the yeere,
And neuer doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the Spring bee euerlasting there,
And euery season like the Month of May.)

O many, many yeeres may you remaine,
A happy Angell to this happy Land,
Long, long may you on earth our Empresse raigne,
Ere you in Heauen a glorious Angell stand;

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to Heauen depart,
Which mak'st each place a Heauen wherein thou art.

Her Maiesties least, and
vnworthiest Subiect,

IOHN DAVIES.

Of Humane Knowledge.

WHy did my parents ſend me to the ſchooles,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the *deſire to know* firſt made men fooles,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind?

For when Gods hand had written in the hearts
Of the firſt Parents, all the rules of good,
So that their skill infuſde, did paſſe all Arts
That euer were, before, or ſince the flood;

And when their reaſons eye was ſharpe and cleere,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sunne)
Could haue approcht th'eternall light as neere,
As the intellectuall Angels could haue done:

Euen then to them the *ſpirit of lyes* ſuggeſts,
That they were blind, becauſe they ſaw not ill,
And breathes into their incorrupted breſts
A curious *wiſh*, which did corrupt their *will*.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know,
Which ill being nought but a defect of good,
In all Gods works the Diuell could not show,
While Man their Lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselues were first to doe the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attaine,
Like him that knew not poisons power to kill,
Vntill (by tasting it) himselfe was slaine.

Euen so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought *knowledge*, they did *error* find,
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to giue *Passion* eyes, made *Reason* blind.

For then their minds did first in Passion see
Those wretched shapes of *Miserie* and *Woe*,
Of *Nakednesse*, of *Shame*, of *Pouertie*, (know.
Which then their owne experience made them

But then grew *Reason* darke, that *she* no more,
Could the faire formes of *Good* and *Truth* discern,
Base they became that *Eagles* were before,
And this they got by their *desire to learne*.

But we their wretched of-spring, what doe we?
Doe not we still taste of the fruit forbid?
Whiles with fond fruitlesse curiositie,
In bookes prophane we seeke for knowledge hid.

What

What is this *knowledge*? but the Sky-stolne fire,
For which the *Thiefe* still chain'd in Ice doth sit?
And which the poore rude *Satyre* did admire,
And needs would kisse, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty Raine,
Which when *Ioues* Guest imbrac't, Hee Monsters got?
Or the false *Payles*, which oft being fild with paine,
Receiu'd the water, but retain'd it not?

Shortly what is it? but the fiery Coach
Which the *Youth* sought, & sought his death with?
Or the *Boyes* wings, which when he did approch
The *Sunnes* hot beames, did melt and let him fall?

And yet alas, when all our Lampes are burnd,
Our bodyes wasted, and our Spirits spent;
When we haue all the learned *Volumes* turn'd,
Which yeeld mens wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discerne?
When *Error* chokes the windowes of the minde,
The diuers formes of things, how can we learne,
That haue been euer from our birth-day blinde?

When *Reasons* lampe which (like the *Sunne* in skie)
Throughout *Mans* little world her beames did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie,
Vnder the ashes, halfe extinct, and dead;

How

How can we hope, that through the Eye and Eare,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beames of knowledge cleere,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heire, whose father hath in play,
Wasted a thousand pound of ancient rent,
By painefull earning of a groate a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that diu'd most deepe, and soar'd most hie,
Seeking Mans pow'rs, haue found his weaknesse
"Skill comes so slow & life so fast doth flie, (such:
"We learne so little, and forget so much.

For this the Wisest of all morall men
Said, *he knew nought, but that he nought did know,*
And the great mocking Master mockt not then,
When he said, *Truth was buried here below.*

For how may we to others things attaine,
When none of vs his owne soule vnderstands?
For which the Diuell mockes our curious braine,
When *know thy selfe*, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busie Soule beleeue,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of her selfe she can no iudgement giue,
Nor how, not whence, nor where, nor what she is,

All

All things without, which round about we ſee,
We ſeeke to know, and how therewith to doe:
But that whereby we *reaſon, liue and be,*
Within our ſelues, we ſtrangers are thereto.

We ſeeke to know the mouing of each ſpheare,
And the ſtrange cauſe of th'ebs and flouds of *Nile;*
But of that clocke within our breaſts we beare,
The ſubtill motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint our ſelues with euery *Zone,*
And paſſe both *Tropikes,* and behold the *Poles,*
When we come home, are to our ſelues vnknown,
And vnacquainted ſtill with our owne *Soules.*

We ſtudy *Speech* but others we perſwade,
We *Leech-craft* learne, but others cure with it,
We interpret *Lawes,* which other men haue made,
But reade not thoſe which in our hearts are writ.

It is becauſe the minde is like the eye, (grees)
Through which it gathers knowledge by de-
Whoſe rayes reflect not, but ſpread outwardly,
Not ſeeing it ſelfe, when other things it ſees.

No doubtleſſe; for the mind can backward caſt,
Vpon her ſelfe, her vnderſtanding light,
But ſhe is ſo corrupt, and ſo defact,
As her owne image doth her ſelfe affright.

As is the fable of the Lady faire,
Which for her luſt was turnd into a Cow,
When thirſtie to a ſtreame ſhe did repaire,
And ſaw her ſelfe transform'd ſhe wiſt not how:

At firſt ſhe ſtartles, then ſhe ſtands amaz'd,
At laſt with terror ſhe from thence doth flye,
And loathes the watry glaſſe wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhunnes it ſtill, though ſhe for thirſt doe die,

Euen ſo *Mans Soule* which did Gods Image beare,
And was at firſt faire, good, and ſpotleſſe pure,
Since with her *ſinnes* her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all ſights her owne ſight leaſt endure.

For euen at firſt reflection ſhe eſpies
Such ſtrange *Chimeraes*, and ſuch Monſters there,
Such Toyes, ſuch *Antikes*, and ſuch Vanities,
As ſhe retires, and ſhrinkes for ſhame and feare.

And as the man loues leaſt at home to bee,
That hath a ſluttiſh houſe haunted with *Spirits*,
So ſhe impatient her owne faults to ſee,
Turnes from her ſelfe, and in ſtrange things de-
(lites.

For this few *know themſelues*: for merchants broke
View their eſtate with diſcontent and paine,
And *Seas* are troubled, when they doe reuoke
Their flowing waues into themſelues againe.

And

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing, and faire, agreeable, and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with her selfe her selfe can neuer meet.

Yet if *Affliction* once her warres begin,
And threat the feeble *Sense* with sword and fire,
The *Minde* contracts her selfe, and shrinketh in.
And to her selfe she gladly doth retire:

As *Spiders* toucht, seeke their webs inmost part,
As *Bees* in stormes vnto their hiues returne,
As Bloud in danger gathers to the heart,
As men seek towns, whē foes the country burn.

If ought can teach vs ought, *Afflictions* lookes,
(Making vs looke vnto our selues so neere)
Teach vs to *know our selues*, beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned *Schooles* that euer were.

This *Mistresse* lately pluckt me by the eare,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught,
Hath made my *Senses* quicke, and Reason cleare,
Reform'd my Will, and rectified my Thought.

So doe the *Winds* and *Thunders* cleanse the Ayre,
So working Seas settle and purge the wine.
So lopt and pruned Trees doe flourish faire,
So doth the fire the drossie gold refine.

Neither

Neither *Minerua*, nor the learned *Muse*,
Nor Rules of *Art*, nor *Precepts* of the wise,
Could in my braine those blames of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this *Dames* angry eyes.

She within *Lists* my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond my selfe I list not goe,
My selfe am *Center* of my circling thought,
Onely *my selfe* I studie, learne, and know.

I know my Bodie's of so fraile a kind,
As force without, feauers within can kill,
I know the heauenly nature of my minde,
But tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my *Soule* hath power to know all things,
Yet is shee blinde and ignorant in all;
I know I am one of *Natures* little Kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a paine, and but a span,
I know my *Sense* is mockt with euery thing,
And to conclude, I know my selfe a man,
Which is a *proud*, and yet a *wretched* thing.

Of the Soule of Man, and the Immortalitie thereof.

THe *lights of heau'n* (which are the worlds fair eies)
Looke downe into the World, the world to see,
And as they turne, or wander in the skies,
Suruey all things, that on this *Center* bee.

And yet the *Lights* which in my *Towre* doe shine,
Mine *Eyes* which view all obiects, nigh and farre,
Looke not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since *Nature* failes vs in no needfull thing,
Why want I meanes my inward selfe to see?
which sight the knowledg of my self might bring,
Which to true Wisdome is the first degree.

That *Power*, which gaue me eyes the world to view,
To view my selfe infus'd an *inward light*,
Whereby my *Soule*, as by a Mirror true,
Of her owne forme may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest *Eye* discerneth nought,
Except the *Sunne*-beames in the ayre doe shine:
So the best *Soule*, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not her selfe without some light diuine.

O light

O light which mak'ſt the light, which makes the day
Which ſetſt the eye without, and mind within,
Lighten my ſpirit with one cleare heauenly ray
Which now to view it ſelfe doth firſt begin.

For her true forme how can my Sparke diſcerne?
Which dimme by *Nature*, *Art* did neuer cleare,
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both *what* ſhee is, and *where*.

One thinks the *Soule* is *Aire*, another *Fire*,
Another *Blood* diffus'd about the heart,
Another ſaith, the *Elements* conſpire,
And to her *Eſſence* each doth giue a part.

Muſicians thinke our *Soules* are *Harmonies*,
Phiſicians hold that they *Complexions* bee,
Epicures make them ſwarmes of *Atomies*,
Which doe by chance into our bodies flee.

Some thinke one generall *Soule* fils euery braine,
As the bright *Sunne* ſheds light in euery Starre;
And others thinke the name of *Soule* is vaine,
And that we onely *well-mixt* bodies are.

In iudgement of her *Subſtance* thus they vary,
And thus they vary in iudgement of her *Seat*;
For ſome her chaire vp to the braine doe carry,
Some thruſt it downe into the *Stomackes* heat.

Some

Some place it in the Root of life, the *Heart*,
Some in the *Liuer*, fountaine of the veines,
Some say, *Shee is all in all, and all in part:*
Some say, She is not contain'd, but all containes.

Thus these great Clerks their little wisdome show,
While with their doctrines they at *Hazard* play,
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mocke the *Lewd*, as learnd in this as they.

For no craz'd braine could euer yet propound
Touching the *Soule* so vaine and fond a thought,
But some among these Masters haue been found,
Which in their *Schooles* the self-same thing haue (taught.

God onely wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among mens wits hath this confusion wrought,
As the proud *towre* whose points the clouds did hit
By tongues confusion was to ruine brought.

But (*thou*) which didst *Mans soule* of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen agen,
To make it new, the forme of man didst take,
And *God* with *God*, becam'st a *Man* with men.

Thou, that hast fashioned twice this *Soule* of ours,
So that she is by double title thine,
Thou onely knowest her nature and her powrs,
Her subtill forme thou onely canst define.

To iudge her selfe, she must her selfe transcend,
As greater Circles comprehend the lesse,
But she wants power, her own powers to extend
As fettered men can not their strength expresse.

But thou bright morning Star, thou rising *Sunne*,
Which in these latter times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that since the world begun,
Lay hid in darknesse, and eternall night.

Thou (*like the Sunne*) dost with indifferent ray,
Into the *Palace* and the *Cottage* shine,
And shewst the *soule*, both to the Clerke and Lay,
By the cleere *Lampe* of thy *Oracle* diuine.

This Lampe, through all the Regions of my braine
Where my *soule* sits, doth spread such beames of
As now, me thinks, I do distinguish plain, (grace
Each subtill line of her immortall face.

The Soule a substance, and a *Spirit* is,
Which *God* himselfe doth in the body make,
Which makes the *Man*, for euery man from this
The *nature* of a *Man*, and *name* doth take.

And though this spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt meane her powers to exercise,
Which are *life*, *motion*, *sense*, and *will*, and *wit*,
Yet she *survives*, although the body *dies*.

* *Sh*

* *She is a substance*, and a reall thing,
1 Which hath it selfe an actuall working might,
2 Which neither from the *Senses* power doth spring,
3 Nor from the bodies humors tempred right.

* *That the Soule is a thing subsisting by it selfe, without the body.*

She is a *Vine*, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread her selfe, or spring vpright,
She is a *Starre*, whose beames doe not proceed
From any *Sunne*, but from a *native* light.

For when she sorts things *present* with things *past*;
And thereby things to *come* doth oft foresee,
When she doth *doubt* at first, and *chuse* at last,
These acts her owne, without the body bee.

1 *That the Soule hath a proper operation without the body.*

When of the deaw, which the *eye* and *eare* doe take
From flowers abroad, and bring into the braine,
She doth within both waxe and hony make,
This worke is hers, this is her proper paine.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw,
Gathering from diuers fights one Art of warre,
From many Cases like, one rule of Law;
These her Collections, not the *Senses* are.

When in th'effects she doth the causes know, (rise,
And seeing the stream, thinks wher the spring doth
And seeing the branch, conceiues the root below;
These things she viewes without the bodies eyes.

When she without a *Pegasus* doth flie
Swifter then lightnings fire from *East* to *West*,
About the *Center*, and aboue the *Skie*,
She trauels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end,
Ere she in act doth any part begin;
What instruments doth then the body lend?

When without hands she doth thus *Castles* build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth runne,
When she digests the world, yet is not fild,
By her owne powers these miracles are done:

When she defines, argues, diuides, compounds,
Considers *vertue*, *vice*, and *generall things*,
And marrying diuers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet all alone,
(Retir'd within her selfe) she doth fulfill,
Vse of her bodies Organs she hath none,
When she doth vse the powers of Wit and Will.

Yet in the bodies prison so she lies,
As through the bodies windowes she must looke,
Her diuers powers of *Sense* to exercise,
By gathering Notes out of the *Worlds* great Book.

No

Nor can her selfe discourse, or iudge of ought,
But what the *Sense* collects and home doth bring,
And yet the power of her discoursing thought,
From these Collections, is a diuers thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours giue them not their power of sight:
So, though these fruits of *Sense* her obiects bee,
Yet she discernes them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuffe his skill doth show,
And yet the stuffe giues not the man his skill:
Kings their affaires doe by their seruants know,
But order them by their owne royall will.

So though this cunning Mistresse & this Queene,
Doth as her instruments the *Senses* vse,
To know all things that are *felt*, *heard*, or *seene*,
Yet she her selfe doth onely *iudge* and *chuse*:

Euen as our great wise *Empresse* that now raignes,
By *soueraigne* title ouer sundry Lands,
Borrowes in meane affaires her *subiects* paines,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of waight, and consequence indeed,
Her selfe doth in her chamber them debate,
Where all her Counsellers she doth exceed,
As farre in iudgement, as she doth in state.

Or as the man whom she doth now aduance,
Vpon her gracious *Mercy-seat* to sit,
Doth common things of course & circumstance,
To the reports of common men commit:

But when the cause it selfe must be decreed,
Himselfe in person in his proper Court,
To graue and solemne hearing doth proceed,
Of euery proofe, and euery by-report;

Then like Gods Angell he pronounceth right,
And milke and hony from his tongue doth flow;
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reape the wisedome which his lips doe sow:

Right so the *Soule*, which is a Lady free,
And doth the iustice of her *State* maintaine.
Because the senses ready seruants be,
Attending nigh about her Court, the Braine:

By them the formes of outward things she learnes,
For they returne into the fantasie,
What euer each of them abroad discernes,
And there inrole it for the minde to see.

But when she sits to iudge the good and ill,
And to discerne betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the *Senses* skill,
But doth each thing in her owne Mirrour view.

Then

Then she the *Senses* checks, which oft doe erie,
And euen against their false reports decrees,
And oft she doth condemne, what they preferre,
For with a power aboue the *Sense*, she sees.

Therefore no *Sense* the precious ioyes conceiues,
Which in her priuate Contemplations bee,
For then the rauisht spirit the *Senses* leaues,
Hath her owne powers, and proper actions free.

Her Harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the bodies instrument she playes;
But the proportions of the *wit* and *will*,
Those sweet accords, are euen the Angels Layes.

These tunes of *Reason* are *Amphions* Lyre,
Wherewith he did the *Thebane* Citie found,
These are the notes wherwith the heauenly *Quire*,
The praise of him, which made the heauen, doth (sound.

Then her *selfe being Nature* shines in this,
That she performes her noblest works alone,
„ The *worke* the Touch-stone of the *nature* is,
„ And by their operations things are knowne.

That the Soule is more then a perfection, or the action of Sense.

Are they not senceless then, that thinke the Soule
Nought but a fine perfection of the *Sense*,
Or of the formes which *fancie* doth enroule,
A *quicke resulting* and a *consequence*?

What is it then that doth the *Sense* accuse,
Both of *false iudgements*, and *fond appetites*?
Which makes vs do what *Sense* doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the *Sense* delights?

Sense thinkes the *Planets spheares* not much asunder,
What tels vs then their distance is so farre?
Sense thinks the lightning borne before the thun-
What tels vs then they both together are? (der,

Whē men seem crows far-off vpon a Towre, (men)
Sense saith th'are crows, what makes vs think them
When we in *Agues* thinke all sweet things sowre,
What makes vs know our tongues false iudgment
(then?

What power was that whereby *Medea* saw,
And well approu'd, and praisd the better course,
When her rebellious *Sense* did so withdraw
Her feeble powers, as she pursu'd the worse?

Did *Sense* perswade *Vlisses* not to heare
The Mermaids songs, which so his men did please,
As they were all perswaded through the eare,
To quit the ship, and leape into the *seas*?

Could any power of *Sense* the *Romane* moue,
To burn his own right hand, with courage stout?
Could *Sense* make *Marius* sit vnbound, and proue
The cruell lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubt-

Doubtleſſe in *Adam* there is a *nature* found,
Beſide the *Senſes*, and aboue them farre, (drownd,
„ Though moſt men being in ſenſuall pleaſures
„ It ſeemes their *Soules* but in their *Senſes* are.

If we had nought but *Senſe*, then only they (found,
Should haue ſound minds, which haue their *Senſes*
But *Wiſdome* growes, when *Senſes* doe decay,
And *folly* moſt in quickeſt *Senſe* is found.

If we had nought but *Senſe* each liuing wight,
which we cal *brute*, would be more ſharp then we,
As hauing *Senſes apprehenſiue might*,
In a more cleere, and excellent degree.

But they doe want that *quicke diſcourſing power*,
Which doth in vs the erring *Senſe* correct,
Therefore the *Bee* did ſucke the painted flower,
And *Bird*, of grapes the cunning ſhaddow peckt.

Senſe outſides knows, the ſoule throgh al things ſees
Senſe Circumſtance ſhe doth the *ſubſtance* view,
Senſe ſees the barke, but ſhe the life of trees;
Senſe heares the ſounds, but ſhe the concords true.

But why doe I the *ſoule* and *ſenſe* diuide?
When *Senſe* is but a power, which ſhe extends,
Which being in diuers parts diuerſifide,
The diuers formes of obiects apprehends?

This

This power ſpreds outward, but the root doth grow
In th'inward *Soule*, which onely doth perceiue,
For th'*eyes* and *eares* no more their obiects know,
Then glaſſes know what faces they receiue.

For if we chance to fixe our thoughts elſewhere,
Although our eyes be ope, we cannot ſee,
And if one power did not both ſee and heare,
Our ſights and ſounds would alwayes double be.

Then is the *Soule* a nature, which containes
The power of *Senſe*, within a greater power,
Which doth imploy and vſe the *Senſes* paines,
But ſits and rules within her priuate bower.

3 *That the Soule is more then the temparature of the humors of the body.*

If ſhee doth then the ſubtill *Senſe* excell,
How groſſe are they that drown her in the blood
Or in the bodies humors tempred well,
As if in them ſuch high perfection ſtood?

As if moſt skill in that *Muſician* were,
Which had the beſt, and beſt tun'd inſtrument,
As if the Penſill neate, and colours cleare,
Had power to make the Painter excellent.

Why doth not Beautie then refine the wit?
And good Complexion rectifie the will?
Why doth not Health bring wiſdom ſtill with it?
Why doth not Sickneſſe make men bruitiſh ſtill?

Who can in *Memory*, or *wit*, or *will*,
Or *ayre*, or *fire*, or *earth*, or *water* finde,
What Alchymist can draw with all his skil,
The *Quintessence* of these out of the mind?

If th' *Elements* which haue nor *life* nor *sense*,
Can breed in vs so great a power as this,
Why giue they not themselues like excellence,
or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the bodies qualitie,
Then would she be with it *sicke*, *maim'd* and *blind*.
But we perceiue, where these priuations be,
A *healthy*, *perfect*, and *sharpe-sighted* mind.

If she the bodies nature did partake,
Her strength would, with the bodies strength de-cay:
But when the bodies strongest sinewes slake,
Then is the *Soule* most actiue, quicke, and gay.

If she were but the bodies accident,
And her sole *being* did in it subsist,
As *white* in *snow*, she might her selfe absent,
And in the bodies substance not be mist.

But *it* on *her*, not *shee* on *it* depends,
For *shee* the body doth sustaine and cherish,
Such secret powers of life to it she lends,
That when they faile, then doth the body perish.

Since then the *Soule works by her selfe alone,*
Springs not from sense, nor *humors well agreeing,*
Her nature is peculiar, and her owne,
She is a *substance,* and a *perfect being.*

That the Soule is a Spirit.

But though this substance be the root of *sense,*
Sense knowes her not, which doth but *bodies* know
Shee is a spirit, and heauenly influence, (flow
Which from the fountaine of Gods Spisit doth

Shee is a Spirit, yet not like *ayre,* or *winde,*
Nor like the *spirits* about the *heart* or *braine,*
Nor like those spirits which Alchymists do find
When they in euery thing seeke gold in *vaine.*

For shee all *natures* vnder heauen doth passe, (see
Being like those spirits, which Gods bright face d
Or like *himselfe,* whose *image* once she was,
Though now (alas) she scarce his *shadow* bee.

Yet of the *formes* she holds the first degree,
That are to grosse materiall bodies knit,
Yet shee her selfe is *bodilesse* and free,
And though confin'd, is almost infinite.

That it cannot bee a body.

Were she a *body,* how could she remaine
Within this body, which is lesse then she?
Or how could she the worlds great shape contain
And in our narrow brests contained bee?

All

All *bodies* are confin'd within ſome place,
But *ſhe* all place within her ſelfe confines;
All *bodies* haue their meaſure and their ſpace;
But who can draw the *ſoules* dimenſiue lines?

No *body* can at once two formes admit,
Except the one the other doe deface;
But in the *ſoule* ten thouſand formes doe ſit,
And none intrudes into her neighbours place.

All *bodies* are with other bodies fild,
But ſhe receiues both heauen and earth together,
Nor are their formes by raſh incounter ſpild,
For there they ſtand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide Imbracements filled bee:
For they that moſt, and greateſt things embrace,
Inlarge thereby their minds capacitie,
As ſtreames inlarg'd, inlarge the channels ſpace,

All things receiu'd, doe ſuch proportion take,
As thoſe things haue wherein they are receiu'd;
So little glaſſes little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames be weau'd;

Then what vaſt body muſt we make the *mind*,
wherin are men, beaſts, trees, towns, ſeas, & lands,
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion ſtands?

Doubt.

Doubtlesse this could not bee, but that she turnes
Bodies to spirits by *sublimation* strange,
As fire conuerts to fire the things it burnes,
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their grosse *matter* she abstracts the *formes*,
And drawes a kind of *Quintessence* from things,
Which to her proper nature she transformes,
To beare them light on her celestiall wings;

This doth she, when from things *particular*,
She doth abstract the *vniuersall kinds*,
Which bodilesse and immateriall are,
And can be lodg'd but onely in our minds;

And thus from diuers *accidents* and *acts*,
Which doe within her obseruation fall,
She goddesses, and powers diuine abstracts,
As *Nature*, *fortune*, and the *vertues* all.

Againe, how can she seuerall *bodies* know,
If in her selfe a *bodies* forme she beare?
How can a Mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and formes it be not cleare?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learne,
Except our eyes were of all colours voide,
Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discerne,
Which is with grosse, and bitter humors cloide

No

Nor may a man of *Paſsions* iudge aright,
Except his minde bee from all paſsions free;
Nor can a *Iudge* his office well acquite,
If he poſſeſt of either partie bee.

If laſty this quicke power a body were,
Were it as ſwift as is the *winde*, or *fire*,
(Whoſe *Atomies* doe th'one down ſide-waies beare
And make the other in *Pyramids* aſpire,)

Her nimble body yet in time muſt moue,
And not in inſtants through all places ſlide;
But ſhe is nigh, and farre, beneath, aboue,
In point of time, which thought cannot deuide.

Sh'is ſent as ſoone to *China*, as to *Spaine*,
And thence returnes, as ſoone as ſhe is ſent;
She meaſures with one time, and with one paine,
An Ell of Silke, and heauens wide ſpreding Tent.

As then the *Soule* a ſubſtance hath alone,
Beſides the body, in which ſhe is conſin'd;
So hath ſhe not a *body* of her owne,
But is a *ſpirit*, and *immateriall minde*.

Since body and ſoule haue ſuch diuerſities,
Well might we muſe, how firſt their match began;
But that we learne, that *He* that ſpread the skies,
And fixt the earth, firſt formd the *Soule* in man.

This

This true *Prometheus* first made man of earth,
And shed in him a beame of heauenly fire,
Now in their mothers wombs before their birth
Doth in all sonnes of men their *soules* inspire.

And as *Minerua* is in fables said,
From *Ioue* without a mother to proceed;
So our true *Ioue* without a mothers ayd,
Doth daily millions of *Mineruas* breed.

Erroneous opinion of the creation of soules.

Then neither from eternitie before,
Nor from the time, when *Times* first point begun,
Made he all *Soules*, which now he keeps in store,
Some in the Moone, and others in the Sunne:

Nor in a *secret Cloyster* doth hee keepe
These Virgin spirits, vntill their marriage day,
Nor locks them vp in chambers, where they sleep
Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certaine number make,
Infusing part in *beasts*, and part in *men*,
And as vnwilling further paines to take,
Would make no more, then those he framed then.

So that the widow *Soule*, her *body* dying,
Vnto the next borne *body* married was,
And so by often changing and supplying,
Mens *soules* to beasts, and beasts to men did passe.

These

(Theſe thoughts are fond, for ſince the bodies borne
Be more in number farre then thoſe that dye,
Thouſands muſt be abortiue, and forlorne,
Ere others deaths to them their *Soules* ſupply.)

But as *Gods handmaid*, *Nature* doth create
Bodies in time diſtinct, and other due;
So God giues *Soules* the like ſucceſsiue date,
Which *himſelfe* makes, in bodies formed new.

Which *himſelfe* makes, of no materiall thing,
For vnto Angels he no power hath giuen,
Either to forme the ſhape, or ſtuffe to bring,
From *ayre*, or *fire*, or *ſubſtance of the heauen*.

Nor he in this doth *Natures* ſeruice vſe;
For though from bodies ſhe can bodies bring,
Yet could ſhe neuer ſoules from ſoules *traduce*,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth ſpring.

Obiection that the ſoule is extraduce.

Alas, that ſome, that were great Lights of old,
And in their hands the *Lampe* of God did beare,
Some reuerend Fathers did this error hold,
Hauing their eyes dim'd with religious feare.

For when (ſay they) by rule of faith we find,
That euery *Soule* vnto her *body* knit,
Brings from the mothers wombe, the *ſinne of kind*,
The roote of all the ill ſhe doth commit.

How can we say that God the *Soule* doth make,
But we must make him author of her sinne?
Then from mans soule she doth beginning take,
Since in mans soule corruption did begin.

For if God make her, first he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our thoghts should yeeld vn
Or makes the body her faire forme to spill, (to
Which of it selfe it had no power to doe.

Not *Adams Body*, but his *Soule* did sinne,
And so her selfe vnto corruption brought;
But our poore *Soule* corrupted is within,
Ere shee had sinn'd, either in act, or thought:

And yet we see in her such powers diuine,
As we could gladly thinke, *from God she came*,
Faine would we make him Author of the Wine,
If for the dregs we could some other blame.

The answere to the obiection.

Thus these good men, with holy zeale were blind,
When on the other part the truth did shine,
Whereof we doe cleare demonstrations find,
By light of *Nature*, and by light *Diuine*.

None are so grosse, as to contend for this,
That Soules from Bodies may traduced be,
Betweene whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

But

But many subtill wits haue iustifi'd,
That *Soules* from *Soules* spiritually may spring;
Which(if the nature of the *Soule* be tri'd)
Will euen in nature proue as grosse a thing.

Reasons drawne from Nature.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of stuffe that ready made doth stand:
Of nought no creature euer formed ought,
For that is proper to th'Almighties hand.

If then the *Soule* another *Soule* doe make,
Because her power is kept within a bound,
Shee must some former stuffe or *matter* take:
But in the *Soule* there is no *matter* found.

Then if her heauenly Forme doe not agree
With any *matter* which the world containes,
Then she of nothing must created bee,
And to *create*, to God alone pertaines.

Againe, if *Soules* doe other *Soules* beget,
Tis by themselues, or by the bodies power:
If by themselues, what doth their working let,
But they might *Soules* engender euery houre?

If by the Body, how can *wit* and *will*
Ioyne with the Body onely in this act?
Sith when they doe their other works fulfill,
They from the Body doe themselues *abstract*?

Againe, if *Soules* of *Soules* begotten were,
Into each other they should change, and moue,
And *change* and *motion still corruption* beare;
How shall we then the *Soule* immortall proue?

If lastly, *Soules* doe generation vse,
Then should they spread incorruptible seed:
What then becomes of that which they doe lose
When th'acts of generation doe not speed?

And though the *Soule* could cast spirituall seed,
Yet *would* she not, because she *neuer dies*;
For mortall things, desire their *like* to breed,
That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the Angels, Sonnes of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in marriage giuen,
Their Spirits and ours are of one *substance* fram'd
And haue one Father, euen the *Lord of heauen*:

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
The *earth* and *water* liuing *soules* should breed,
But that *Mans soule*, whom hé would make their King
Should fró himselfe immediatly proceed.

And when he tooke the *woman* from *mans* side,
Doubtlesse himselfe inspir'd her *Soule* alone:
For tis not said, he did *Mans soule* diuide,
But tooke *flesh of his flesh*, *bone of his bone*.

Last

Laſtly, God, being made man for mans owne ſake,
And being like man in all, except in Sin,
His body from the *Virgins* wombe did take;
But all agree, *God form'd his Soule within.*

Then is the *Soule* from God; ſo *Pagans* ſay,
Which ſaw by *Natures* light, her heauenly kind,
Naming her, *kin to God, and Gods bright ray,*
A Citizen of heauen, to earth confin'd.

But now I feele, they plucke me by the eare,
Whom my young *Muſe* ſo boldly termed blind,
And craue more heauẽly light, that cloud to clear,
Which makes them think, God doth not make the (mind.
God doubtleſſe makes her, and doth make her good, *Reaſons drawne from diuinity*
And graffes her in the body, there to ſpring,
Which though it be corrupted, fleſh and blood,
Can no way to the *Soule* corruption bring:

And yet this *Soule* (made good by God at firſt,
And not corrupted by the Bodies ill)
Euen in the wombe is ſinfull, and accurſt,
Ere ſhee can *iudge* by *wit*, or *chuſe* by *will.*

Yet is not God the Author of her ſinne,
Though Author of her *being*, and *being there*,
And if we dare to iudge our *Iudge* herein,
He can condemne vs, and himſelfe can cleare.

First, God from infinite eternitie
Decreed, what *hath beene, is*, or *shall bee* done,
And was resolu'd; that euery man should bee,
And in his turne, his race of life should run.

And so did purpose all the *Soules* to make,
That euer *haue beene* made, or *euer shall*;
And that their *being* they should onely take
In humane Bodies, or not *bee* at all.

Was it then fit, that such a weake euent,
(*Wakinesse it selfe*, the sinne and fall of Man)
His Counsels execution should preuent,
Decreed and fixt before the world began?

Or that one *penall Law* by *Adam* broke,
Should make God breake his owne *eternall Law*,
The setled order of the World reuoke,
And change all forms of things, which he foresaw?

Could *Eues* weake hand, extended to the tree,
In sunder rend that *Adamantine chaine*,
Whose golden links, *effects* and causes be,
And which to Gods own chaire doth fixt remaine?

O could we see, how cause from cause doth spring?
How mutually they linkt and folded are!
And heare how oft one disagreeing string,
The harmony doth rather make then marre!

And

And view at once, how *death* by *sinne* is brought?
And how from *death*, a better *life* doth rise?
How this Gods *justice*, and his *mercy* tought?
We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
The sight of things succeßiuely doe take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times, doth but one *instant* make.

All in *himselfe*, as in a *glasse* hee sees,
For, *from him, by him, through him, all things bee*,
His sight is not discoursiue by degrees,
But seeing the whole, each single part doth see.

Hee lookes on *Adam*, as a *root*, or *well*,
And on his heires, as *branches*, and as *streames*,
He sees *all* men as *one* man, though they dwell
In sundry Cities, and in sundry Realmes.

And as the *roote* and *branch* are but one *Tree*,
And *well*, and *streame*, doe but one *Riuer* make,
So, if the *root*, and *well*, corrupted bee,
The *streame* and *branch* the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountaine of mankind,
Did draw corruption, and Gods curse by sin,
This was a charge, that all his heires did bind,
And all his off-spring grew corrupt therein.

And as when the hand doth strike the Man offends,
(For *part from whole, Law severs not in this,*)
So, *Adams* sinne, to the whole kind extends;
For all their Natures are but part of his.

Therefore this *sinne of kind*, not personall,
But reall, and hereditary was,
The guilt whereof, and punishment to all,
By course of Nature, and of Law doth passe.

For as that easie Law was giuen to all,
To ancestor, and heire, to first, and last,
So was the first transgression generall,
And all did plucke the fruit, and all did tast.

Of this we find some footsteps in our Law,
Which doth her root from God and Nature take,
Ten thousand Men she doth together draw,
And of them all, one Corporation make:

Yet these, and their Successors are but one,
And if they gaine, or lose their liberties,
They harme, or profit not themselues alone,
But such as in succeeding time shall rise.

And so the Ancestor, and all his heires,
Though they in number passe the stars of heauen,
Are still but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
And vnto them are his aduancements giuen.

His

His Ciuill acts doe binde and bar them all;
And as from *Adam* all corruption take,
So, if the Fathers crime be *capitall*,
In all the *bloud*, Law doth *corruption* make.

s it then iust with vs, to dis-inherit
The vnborne Nephewes, for the Fathers fault?
And to aduance againe for one mans merit,
A thousand heires, that haue deserued nought?

nd is not Gods Decree as iust as ours,
If he for *Adams* sinne, his sonnes depriue
Of all those natiue vertues, and those powers,
Which he to him, and to his race did giue?

or what is this contagious sinne of kinde,
But a priuation of that grace within?
And of that great rich dowry of the minde,
Which all had had, but for the first mans sin?

f then a man on light conditions gaine
A great estate, to him and his for euer,
If wilfully he forfeit it againe,
Who doth bemone his heire? or blame the giuer?

o though God make the *Soule* good, rich, and faire,
Yet when her forme is to the body knit,
Which makes the Man, which Man is *Adams heire*,
Iustly forth-with he takes his grace from it:

And

And then the *Soule*, being first frō nothing brought
When Gods grace failes her, doth to nothing fall,
And this *declining prouenesse vnto nought*,
Is euen that sinne that we are borne withall.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
Which in the first *Soule* were, depriued are,
But in their place the contrary doe rise,
And reall sports of sinne her beauty marre.

Nor is it strange, that *Adams* ill desart,
Should be transferd vnto his guilty Race,
When *Christ* his grace and iustice doth impart
To men vniust, and such as haue no grace.

Lastly, the *Soule* were better so to bee
Borne slaue to sinne, then not to be at all;
Since (if she doe belieue) one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content,
They yet will know, (sith God fore-saw this ill)
Why his high Prouidence did not preuent
The declination of the first mans will.

If by his word he had the current staid
Of *Adams* will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his Word had said,
I will hence-forth, that *Man no man shall bee*,

Fo

For what is Man without a mooning mind,
Which hath a iudging *wit* and chusing *will*?
Now, if Gods power should her election bind,
Her motions then wou'd cease, & stand all still.

And why did God in man this *Soule* infuse,
But that he should his Maker *know*, and *loue*?
Now, if *loue* be compeld, and cannot chuse,
How can it gratefull, or thanke worthy proue?

Loue must free-hearted be, and voluntary,
And not enchanted, or by Fate constraind;
Nor like that loue, which did *Vlisses* carry
To *Circes* Ile, with mighty charmes enchaind.

Besides, were we vnchangeable in *will*,
And of a *wit* that nothing could misdeeme,
Equall to God, whose wisedome shineth still,
And neuer erres, we might our selues esteeme.

So that if Man would be vnuariable,
He must be God, or like a Rock, or Tree,
For euen the perfect Angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate then wee.

Then let vs praise that Power, which makes vs be
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And knowing Mans fall was curiositie,
Admire Gods counsels, which we cannot know.

And

And let vs know that God the Maker is
Of all the *Soules*, in all the men that be,
Yet their Corruption is no fault of his,
But the first Mans, that broke Gods first decree.

Why the soule is vnited to the body.

This substance, and this *Spirit* of *Gods owne making*,
Is in the body plact, and planted heere,
„ That both of God, and of the world partaking,
„ Of all that is, man might the image beare.

God first made Angels bodilesse pure minds,
Then other things, which mindlesse bodies be;
Last, he made Man, th' *Horizon* twixt both kinds,
In whom we doe the worlds abridgement see.

Besides, this world below did need *one wight*,
Which might thereof distinguish euery part,
Make vse thereof, and take therein delight,
And order things with Industry, and Art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
And here beneath, yeeld him both praier & praise,
As there, aboue, the holy Angels Quire
Doth spread his glory, with spirituall Layes.

Lastly, the bruite vnreasonable wights,
Did want a *visible King* on them to raigne;
And God himselfe thus to the world vnites,
That so the world might endlesse blisse obtaine.

But

In what manner the soule is vnited to the body.

But how shall we this *vnion* well expresse?
Nought ties the *Soule*, her subtiltie is such,
She moues the body, which she doth possesse,
Yet no part toucheth, but by *Vertues* touch.

Then dwels shee not therein as in a Tent,
Nor as a Pilot in his Ship doth sit;
Nor as the Spider in his Web is pent;
Nor as the Waxe retaines the print in it;

Nor as a Vessell water doth containe;
Nor as one Liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remaine;
Nor as a voice throughout the ayre is spread:

But as the faire, and cheerefull *Morning light*,
Doth here and there her siluer beames impart,
And in an instant doth her selfe vnite
To the transparent Ayre, in all and part;

Still resting whole, when blowes the ayre diuide,
Abiding pure, when th'ayre is most corrupted,
Throughout the ayre her beams dispersing wide,
And when the ayre is tost, not interrupted;

So doth the piercing *Soule* the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd,
Indiuisible, incorruptible still,
Not forc't, encountred, troubled, or confus'd.

And

And as the *Sunne* aboue the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the ayre below;
So from th'eternall Light the *Soule* doth spring,
Though in the body she her powers doe show.

How the soule doth exercise her powers in the body.

But as the Worlds *Sunne* doth effects beget
Diuers, in diuers places euery day,
Here *Autumnes* temperature, there *Summers* heat
Here flowry *Spring-tide*, and there *Winter* gray;
(*Night*
Here *Euen*, there *Morne*, here *Noone*, there *Day*, ther
Melts wax, dries clay, maks flowrs, som quick sou
Makes the *More* black, & th'*European* white, (dead
Th'*American* tawny, and th'*East-Indian* red:

So in our little World, this *Soule* of ours,
Being onely one, and to one body tyed,
Doth vse on diuers obiects diuers powers,
And so are her effects diuersified.

The vegetatiue or quickening power.

Her quickning power in euery liuing part,
Doth as a Nurse, or as a Mother serue,
And doth employ her *Oeconomicke Art*,
And busie care, her household to preserue.

Here she *attracts*, and there she doth *retaine*,
There she *decocts*, and doth the food prepare,
There she *distributes* it to euery vaine,
There she *expels* what she may fitly spare.

This

This power to *Martha* may compared be,
Which busie was, the *houshold things* to doe,
Or to a *Dryas* liuing in a Tree,
For euen to Trees this power is proper too.

And though the *Soule* may not this power extend
Out of the body, but still vse it there,
She hath a power, which she abroad doth send,
Which views & searcheth all things euery where.

This power is Sense, which from abroad doth spring, *The power of Sense.*
The *colour, taste*, and *touch*, and *sent*, and *sound*,
The *quantitie* and *shape* of euery thing,
Within th'earths center, or heanens circle found.

This power in parts made fit, fit obiects takes,
Yet not the things, but forms of things receiues;
As when a Seale in Waxe impression makes,
The print therein, but not it selfe it leaues.

And though things sensible be numberlesse,
But onely fiue the *Senses* Organs be,
And in those fiue, all things their formes expresse,
Which we can *touch, taste, feele*, or *heare*, or *see*.

These are the windows, throgh the which she views
The *light of knowledge*, which is lifes Load-star,
And yet while she these spectacles doth vse,
Oft worldly things seeme greater then they are.

First,

First, the two *Eyes* which haue the *Seeing* power,
Stand as one Watchman, Spy, or Sentinell,
Being plac'd aloft within the Heads high towe
And though both see, yet both but one thing tel

These Mirrors take into their little space,
The formes of *Moone* and *Sun*, and euery *Starre*,
Of euery body, and of euery place, (ar
Which with the worlds wide Armes embraced

Yet their best obiect, and their noblest vse,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them shall heauenly light infuse,
That face to face they may their *Maker* see.

Here are they Guides, which doe the body lead,
Which else would stumble in eternall night;
Here in this world they do much knowledge *rea*
And are the Casements which admit most light

They are her fartheſt reaching Instrument,
Yet they no beames vnto their obiects send,
But all the rayes are from their Obiects sent,
And in the *Eyes* with pointed angles end.

If th'obiects be farre off, the rayes doe meet,
In a sharpe point, and so things seeme but small;
If they be neere, their rayes doe spread and fleet
And make broad points, that things seeme grea
(withal

Laſtly, Nine things to *Sight* required are,
The *power* to ſee, the *light*, the *viſible* thing,
Being not too *ſmall*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *farre*,
Cleare ſpace, and *time* the forme diſtinct to bring.

Thus ſee we how the *Soule* doth vſe the Eyes,
As inſtruments of her quicke power of ſight,
Hence do th'Arts *Obticke* and faire *painting* riſe;
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

Now let vs heare how ſhe the *Eares* imployes, *Hearing.*
Their office is the troubled ayre to take,
Which in their Mazes formes a ſound or noyſe,
Whereof her ſelfe doth true diſtinction make.

Theſe wickets of the *Soule* are plac't on hie,
Becauſe all ſounds doe lightly mount aloft,
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delaied with turnes, and windings oft.

For ſhould the voice directly ſtrike the braine,
It would aſtoniſh and confuſe it much;
Therfore theſe plaits & folds the ſound reſtraine,
That it the Organ may more gently touch.

As Streames, which with their winding banks doe (play,
Stopt by their creeks run ſoftly throgh the plaine,
So in the Eares Labyrinth, the voice doth ſtray,
And doth with eaſie motion touch the braine.

It is the slowest, yet the daintiest *Sense*;
For euen the *Eares*, of such as haue no skill,
Perceiue a discord, and conceiue Offence,
And knowing not what is good, yet find the ill.

And though this *Sense* first gentle *Musicke* found,
Her proper obiect is *the speech of men*, (sound
But that speech chiefely which Gods Heraulds
When their Tongs vtter, what his Spirit did pen

Our *Eyes* haue lids, our *Eares* still ope we see,
Quickly to heare how euery tale is prooued:
Our *Eyes* still moue, our *Eares* vnmouedbee, (ued
that though we hear quick, we be not quickly mo

Thus by the Organs of the *Eye* and *Eare*,
The *Soule* with knowledge doth her selfe endue;
Thus she her prison may with pleasure beare,
Hauing such prospects, all the world to view.

These Conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind
But th'other three attend the Body still:
For by their seruices the *Soule* doth find,
What things are to the Body, good or ill.

Taste. *The Bodies* life with meats and ayre is fed,
Therefore the *Soule* doth vse the *tasting* power,
In veines, which through the Tongue and Palate
Distinguish euery relish, sweet, & sower. (spred
Thi

This is the Bodies *Nurse*; but since mans wit
Found th'Art of *Cookery*, to delight his *Sense*,
More bodies are consum'd and kild with it,
Then with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

Next, in the Nosthrils she doth vse the *smell*, *Smelling.*
As God the *breath* of *life* in them did giue,
So makes he now this power in them to dwell,
To iudge all ayres, whereby we *breath* and *liue*.

This *Sense* is also Mistresse of an Art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell:
Though this deare Art doth little good impart,
Sith they smell best, that doe of nothing smell.

And yet good *scents* doe purifie the braine,
Awake the Fancie, and the Wits refine;
Hence old *Deuotion*, *Incense* did ordaine,
To make mens spirits more apt for thoughts diuine.

Lastly, the feeling power, which is Lifes root, *Feeling.*
Through euery liuing part it selfe doth shed,
By *sinewes* which extend from head to foot,
And like a Net all ore the body spred.

Much like a subtill Spider, which doth sit
In middle of her Web, which spreadeth wide;
If ought doe touch the vtmost thred of it,
Shee feeles it instantly on euery side.

By *touch* the first pure qualities we learne,
Which quicken all things, *hote, cold, moist*, and *dry*;
By *touch, hard, soft rough, smooth*, we doe discerne;
By *touch, sweet pleasure*, and *sharpe paine* we try.

These are the outward instruments of *Sense*,
These are the *guards*, which euery thing must passe
Ere it approch the minds intelligence,
Or touch the Fantasie, *Wits Looking-glasse*;

The imagination or common sense.

And yet these Porters which all things admit,
Themselues perceiue not, nor discerne the things;
One *Common* power doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper formes together brings.

For all those *Nerues*, which *spirits of Sence* doe beare,
And to those outward Organs spreading goe,
Vnited are, as in a Center there, (know.
And there this power those sundry formes doth

Those outward Organs present things receiue,
This inward *Sense* doth absent things retaine;
Yet straight transmits all formes shee doth per-
Vnto a higher region of the *Braine*. (ceiue,

The Fantasie

Where *Fantasie* neere *Hand-maid* to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discerne then all;
Compounds in one, things diuers in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great & small.

Besides

Besides, those single formes she doth esteeme,
And in her Ballance doth their values trie,
Where some things good, and some things ill doe seem,
And neutrall some in her *Fancastick* eye.

This busie power is working day and night;
For when the outward *Senses* rest doe take,
A thousand dreames fantasticall and light,
With fluttring wings doe keepe her still awake.

Yet alwayes all may not afore her bee, *The sensitiue memorie.*
Successiuely she this, and that intends,
Therefore such formes as she doth cease to see,
To *Memories* large volume shee commends.

This *Lidger Booke* lies in the braine behinde,
Like *Janus* eye, which in his poll was set,
The *Lay-mans Tables*, *Store-house of the mind*,
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Heere *Senses Apprehension* end doth take;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One Circle doth another Circle make,
Till the last Circle touch the banke at last.

But though the *Apprehension power* doe pause, *The passions of Sense.*
The *Motiue* vertue then begins to moue,
Which in the heart below doth *passions* cause,
Ioy, *griefe*, and *feare*, and *hope*, and *hate*, and *loue*.

These passions haue a free commanding might,
And diuers actions in our life doe breed;
For, all acts done without true reasons light,
Doe from the passion of the *Sense* proceed.

But sith the *Braine* doth lodge the powers of *Sense*,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutuall loue, the kind intelligence
Twixt heart and braine, this *Sympathy* doth bring.

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth raigne,
The *spirits* of life doe their beginning take;
These *spirits* of life ascending to the braine,
When they come there, the *spirits* of *Sense* do make.

These *spirits* of *Sense* in Fantasies high Court,
Iudge of the formes of *Obiects* ill or well,
And so they send a good or ill report
Downe to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report bee *good*, it causeth *loue*,
And longing *hope*, and well assured *ioy*;
If it bee *ill*, then doth it *hatred* moue,
And trembling *feare*, and vexing *griefes* annoy.

Yet were these naturall affections good,
(For they which want them, *blockes* or *deuils* be)
If *Reason* in her first perfection stood,
That she might *Natures* passions rectifie.

Besides,

Besides, another *Motiue* power doth rise
Out of the heart, frō whose pure blood do spring
The *Vitall spirits*, which borne in *Arteries*,
Continuall motion to all parts doe bring.

The vitall motion.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire,
This holds the sinewes like a Bridles reines,
And makes the body to aduance, retire,
To turne, or stop, as she then slacks, or straines.

Thus the *Soule* tunes the *Bodies* Instrument,
These harmonies she makes with *life* and *sense*,
The Organs fit are by the body lent,
But th'actions flow from the *Soules* influence.

But now I haue a *will*, yet want a *wit*,
To expresse the working of the *wit* and *will*;
Which though their root be to the body knit,
Vse not the body, when they vse their skill.

These powers the nature of the *Soule declare*,
For to mans *Soule* these onely proper bee,
For on the earth no other wights there are,
Which haue these heauenly powers, but only we.

The wit or understanding.

The *wit*, the pupill of the *Soules* cleare eye,
And in mans world the onely shining *Starre*,
Lookes in the mirror of the Fantasie,
Where all the gatherings of the *Senses* are.

Frō thēce this power the shapes of things abstracts,
And them within her *passiue part* receiues,
Which are enlightned by that part which *acts*,
And so the formes of single things perceiues.

But after, by discourſing to and fro,
Anticipating, and comparing things,
She doth all vniuerſall natures know,
And all *effects* into their *causes* brings.

Reaſon. When ſhe *rates* things, & moues from ground to (ground,
The name of *Reaſon* ſhe obtaines by this.
Vnder-ſtanding. But when by reaſon ſhe the truth hath found,
And *ſtandeth fixt*, ſhe *Vnderſtanding* is.

Opinion. When her aſſent ſhe *lightly* doth encline
To either part, ſhe is *opinion light*:
Iudgement. But when ſhe doth by principles define
A certaine truth, ſhe hath *true iudgements* ſight.

And as from *Senſes Reaſons* worke doth ſpring,
So many *Reaſons vnderſtanding* gaine,
And many *vnderſtandings knowledge* bring,
And by much *knowledge*, *wiſedome* we obtaine.

So, many ſtayres we muſt aſcend vpright,
Ere we attaine to *Wiſedomes* high degree,
So doth this earth eclipſe our reaſons light,
Which elſe (in inſtants) would like Angels ſee.

Yet

Yet hath the *Soule* a dowrie naturall,
And *sparkes of light*, some common things to see,
Not being a *blanke*, where nought is writ at all,
But what the Writer will, may written be.

For Nature in mans heart her lawes doth pen,
Prescribing *truth* to *wit*, and *good* to *will*,
Which doe *accuse*, or else *excuse* all men,
For euery thought, or practise, good or ill.

And yet these sparkes grow almost infinite,
Making the World, and all therein their food,
As fire so spreads as no place holdeth it,
Being nourisht still, with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparkes were almost quencht (with sin,
Yet they whom that *Iust one* hath iustifide,
Haue them encreasd, with heauenly light within,
And like the *Widowes eyle*, still multiplide.

And as this *wit* should goodnesse truely know,
We haue a *will* which that true good should chuse, *The power of will.*
Though *wit* do oft, (whē *wit* false formes doth show)
Take *ill* for *good* and *good* for *ill* refuse.

Ill puts in practice what the *wit* deuiseth, *The Relation betwixt wit and will.*
Will euer acts, and *wit* contemplates still,
And as from *wit*, the power of *wisedome* riseth,
All other vertues daughters are of *will*.

Will is the *Prince*, and *wit* the Counseller,
Which doth for common good in Counsell sit,
And when *wit* is resolu'd, *will* lends her power
To execute, what is aduis'd by *wit*,

Wit is the minds chiefe iudge, which doth controule
Of *Fancies* Court the iudgements false and vaine,
Will holds the royall Septer in the *Soule*,
And on the passions of the heart doth raigne.

Will is as free as any Emperour,
Naught can restraine her *gentle* libertie.
No Tyrant, nor no Torment hath the power
To make vs *will*, when we vnwilling bee.

The intellectuall memorie.

To these high powers a Store-house doth pertain
Where they all Arts and generall Reasons lay,
Which in the *Soule*, euen after death remaine,
And no *Lethean* Flood can wash away.

This is the *Soule*, and these her vertues bee,
Which though they haue their sundry proper en
And one exceeds another in degree,
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giuen, *Almighty* God to *know*,
Our *will* is giuen to *loue* him being *knowne*,
But God could not be *known* to vs below, (thou
But by his *workes*, which through the sense are

A

And as the *wit* doth reape the fruits of *Sense*,
So doth the *quickning* power the *Senses feed*:
Thus while they doe their sundry gifts dispence,
The best the seruice of the least doth need.

Euen so the King his Magistrates doe serue,
Yet Commos feed both Magistrate and King,
The Commons peace the Magistrates preserue,
By borrowed power, which from the Prince doth spring.
The *quickning power* would *be*, and so would rest;
The *Sense* would not *be* onely, but *be well*,
But *wits* ambition longeth to the *best*,
For it desires in endlesse blisse to dwell.

And these three powers, 3. sorts of men doe make,
For some like plants, their veines doe onely fill,
And some like beasts, their senses pleasure take;
And some like Angels doe contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turnd some men to flowres,
And others did with bruitish formes inuest,
And did of others make Celestiall powers,
Like Angels, which still trauell, yet still rest.

Yet these 3. powers are not three *Soules*, but one,
As one and two are both containd in *three*,
Three being one number by it selfe alone,
A shadow of the blessed Trinitie.

An Acclamation.

O *what* is Man (great Maker of mankind)
That thou to him so great respect dost beare!
That thou adornst him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a King, and euen an Angels peere!

O what a liuely life, what heauenly power,
What spreading vertue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentifull, how rich a dower,
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leau'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in Man hast writ,
There cannot be a creature more diuine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinit.

But it exceeds mans thought, to thinke how his
God hath raisd *man* since *God* a *man* became,
The Angels doe admire this *Misterie*,
And are astonisht when they view the same.

That the soule is immortal, and cannot die.

Nor hath he giuen these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the bodies life depend,
The *Soule*, though made in time, *surmounts* the *aye*,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Her onely *end*, is *neuer-ending* blisse,
Which is, *the eternall face of God to see*,
Who, *last of ends*, and *first of causes is*,
And to doe this, she must *eternall* bee.

How senslesse then, and dead a soule hath hee,
Which *thinks* his *Soule* doth with his body die?
Or *thinkes* not so, but so would haue it bee,
That he might sinne with more securitie?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
Our *Soule* is but a smoake, or ayrie blast,
Which during life doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turne to wind at last:

Although they say, *Come, let vs eat and drinke,*
Our life is but a sparke, which quickly dies,
Though thus they *say*, they know not what to *think*,
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no Heretikes desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these *Epicures*,
For so their staggering thoughts are comforted,
And other mens assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their Conscience (striue,
There are some sparkles in their flintie breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still reuiue,
That though they would, they cannot quite bee (beasts.

But who so makes a Mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himselfe therein,
His *Soules* eternitie shall clearely find,
Though th'other beauties be defact with sin.

First,

A. sone from the desire of knowledge.

First, in mans mind we find an appetite,
To *learne* and *know the truth* of euery thing,
Which is co-naturall, and borne with it,
And from the *Essence* of the *Soule* doth spring.

With this *desire* shee hath a natiue *might*,
To find out euery truth, if she had time,
Th'innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degrees from cause to cause to clime.

But sith our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry Eagle through the wind,
Or as a Ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leaue no print behind:

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense d
That our short race of life is at an end, (strain
Ere we the principles of skill attaine.

Or God (which to vaine ends hath nothing done
In vaine this *appetite* and *power* hath giuen,
Or else our knowledge which is here begun,
Hereafter must bee perfected in heauen.

God neuer gaue a *power* to one whole kind,
But most part of that kind did vse the same,
Most eies haue perfect sight, though som be blin
Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lam

But in this life no *Soule* the truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath power to doe:
If then perfection be not found below,
An higher place muſt make her mount thereto.

Againe, how can ſhee but immortall bee? 2. *Reaſon. Drawn from the motion of the Soule.*
When with the motions of both *will* and *wit*,
Shee ſtill aſpireth to eternitie,
And neuer reſts, till ſhe attaine to it.

Water in Conduit-pipes can riſe no higher
Then the wel head, frō whence it firſt doth ſpring;
Then ſith to eternall GOD ſhee doth aſpire,
Shee cannot be but an eternall thing.

All mouing things to other things doe moue,
Of the ſame kind, which ſhews their nature ſuch,
So *earth* falls downe, and *fire* doth mount aboue,
Till both their proper Elements doe touch.

And as the moyſture which the thirſtie earth
Suckes from the Sea, to fill her empty veines,
From out her wombe at laſt doth take a birth,
And runnes a *Nymph* along the graſsie plaines:

Long doth ſhee ſtay, as loth to leaue the Land,
From whoſe ſoft ſide ſhe firſt did iſſue make,
Shee taſtes all places, turnes to euery hand,
Her flowry bankes vnwilling to forſake.

Yet

Yet *Nature* ſo her ſtreames doth lead and carry,
As that her courſe doth make no finall ſtay,
Till ſhe her ſelfe vnto the *Ocean* marry,
Within whoſe watry boſome firſt ſhe lay:

Euen ſo the *Soule*, which in this Earthly mold
The Spirit of God doth ſecretly infuſe,
Becauſe at firſt ſhe doth the earth behold,
And onely this materiall world ſhe viewes.

At firſt her *mother earth* ſhee holdeth deare,
And doth embrace the world and worldly thing
She flies cloſe by the ground, and houers here,
And mounts not vp with her celeſtiall wings.

Yet vnder heauen ſhe cannot light on ought
That with her heauenly *Nature* doth agree,
She cannot reſt, ſhe cannot fixe her thought,
She cannot in this world contented bee.

For who did euer yet in *honour, wealth*,
Or *pleaſure of the Senſe* contentment find?
Who euer ceaſd to wiſh, when he had *health*,
Or hauing *wiſedome*, was not vext in mind?

Then as a *Bee* which among weeds doth fall,
Which ſeeme ſweet flowers, with luſtre freſh a
She lights on that, & this, and taſteth all, (g
But pleaſd with none, doth riſe, and ſoare away.

So when the *Soule* finds here no true content,
And like *Noahs* Doue, can no sure footing take,
She doth returne from whence she first was sent,
And flies to *him* that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking *truth*, from cause to cause ascends,
And neuer rests, till it the *first* attaine,
Will seeking *good*, finds many middle ends,
But neuer stayes, till it the *last* doe gaine.

Now God the *Truth* and *first of Causes* is,
God is the *last good end*, which lasteth still,
Being *Alpha* and *Omega* nam'd for this,
Alpha to *wit*, *Omega* to the *will*.

Sith then her heauenly kind shee doth bewray,
In that to God she doth directly moue,
And on no mortall thing can make her stay,
Shee cannot be from hence, but from *aboue*.

And yet this *first true Cause*, and *last good End*,
Shee cannot heere so *well* and *truely* see,
For this perfection shee must yet attend,
Till to her *Maker* shee espoused bee.

As a *Kings* daughter, being in person sought
Of diuers Princes, which doe neighbour neere,
On none of them can fixe a constant thought,
Though shee to all doe lend a gentle eare:

Yet can she loue a forraine *Emperour*,
Whom of great worth & power she heares to be
If she be woo'd but by *Embassadour*,
Or but his *Letters*, or his pictures see:

For well she knowes, that when she shalbe brought
Into the *Kingdome* where her *Spouse* doth raigne,
Her eyes shall see, what she conceiu'd in thought
Himselfe, his state, his glory, and his traine:

So while the *Virgin Soule* on *Earth* doth stay,
She wood and tempted is ten thousand wayes
By these great powers, which on the *earth* beare
The *wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise*. (sway

With these sometime she doth her time beguile,
These doe by fits her Fantasie possesse,
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a Tediousnesse.

But if vpon the Worlds Almighty King,
She once doe fixe her humble louing thought,
Which by his *picture* drawne in euery thing,
And *sacred messages* her *loue* hath sought:

Of him she thinks she cannot thinke too much,
This hony tasted still, is euer sweet,
The pleasure of her rauisht thought is such,
As almost here, she with her blisse doth meet.

But when in heauen she shall his *Essence* see,
This is her *soueraigne good*, and *perfect blisse*.
Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finisht be,
Her ioyes are full, her motions rest in this.

There is she crownd with garlands of *content*;
There doth she Manna eat, and Nectar drinke,
That presence doth such high delights present,
As neuer tongue could speake, nor heart could thinke.

For this the better *Soules* doe oft despise
The bodies death, and doe it oft desire:
For when on ground the burdened ballance lies,
The emptie part is lifted vp the higher.

3. *Reason. From contempt of death in the better sort of spirits.*

But if the Bodies death the *Soule* should kill,
Then death must needs *against her nature* bee,
And were it so, all *Soules* would flie it still,
For Nature hates and shunnes her contrary.

For all things else, which Nature makes to bee,
Their *being* to preserue are chiefly taught,
For though some things desire a change to see,
Yet neuer thing did long to turne to naught.

If then by death the *Soule* were quenched quite,
She could not thus against her nature runne,
Sith euery sensles thing by Natures light,
Doth preseruation seeke, destruction shunne.

Nor could the worlds best spirits so much erre,
If death tooke all, that they should all agree,
Before this life their *honour* to preferre;
For what is praise to things that nothing bee?

Againe, if by the bodies prop shee stand,
If on the bodies life, her life depend,
As *Meteogers* on the fatall brand,
The bodies good she onely would intend.

We should not find her halfe so braue and bold,
To lead it to the Warres, and to the Seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plentie, rest with ease.

Doubtlesse all *Soules* haue a suruiuing thought,
Therefore of death we thinke with quiet mind,
But if we thinke of *being turn'd to nought*,
A trembling horror in our *Soules* we find.

4. *Reason, From the feare of death in the wicked soules.*

And as the better spirit, when shee doth beare
A scorne of death, doth shew she cannot die;
So when the wicked *Soule* deaths face doth feare,
Euen then she proues her owne eternitie.

For when Deaths forme appeares, she feareth not
An vtter quenching, or extinguishment,
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill preuent:

But

But shee doth doubt what after may befall,
For Natures law accuseth her within,
And saith, T'is true that is affirm'd by all,
That after death there is a paine for sin.

Then she which hath bin hud-winkt from her birth,
Doth first her selfe within Deaths mirror see,
And when her body doth returne to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall bee.

Who euer sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickneſse weake and faint,
But heares them talking of Religion then,
And vowing of their *Soules* to euery Saint?

When was there euer cursed *Atheist* brought
Vnto the *liebbet*, but he did adore
That blessed Power, which he had set at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphemed, all his life before?

These light vaine persons still are drunke and mad,
With surfettings, and pleasures of their youth;
But at their deaths they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discerne, & then they speake the truth.

If then all *Soules*, both good and bad doe teach,
With generall voice, that *Soules* can neuer die,
Tis not mans flattering gloſe, but *Natures speech*,
Which like *Gods* Oracle, can neuer lie.

5. Reason. From the generall desire of Immortalitie.

Hence springs that vniuersall strong desire,
Which all men haue of Immortalitie;
Not some few spirits vnto this thought aspire,
But all mens minds in this vnited be.

Then this desire of Nature is not vaine,
„ She couets not impossibilities;
„ Fond thoughts may fall into some idle braine,
„ But one *Assent* of all, is euer wise.

From hence that generall care and study springs,
That *launching* and *progression of the mind*,
Which all men haue so much of future things;
As they no ioy doe in the present find.

From this desire, that maine desire proceeds,
Which all men haue surviuing Fame to gaine,
By *Tombes*, by *Bookes*, by memorable *Deeds*,
For she that this desires, doth still remaine.

Hence lastly springs Care of posterities,
For things their kind would euerlasting make:
Hence is it, that old men do plant young Trees,
The fruit thereof another age shall take.

If we these Rules vnto our selues apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortalitie,
In our *Hearts Tables* we shall written find.

And

And though some impious wits do questions moue,
And doubt if *Soules* immortall be, or no,
That *doubt* their immortalitie doth proue,
Because they seeme immortall things to know.

6. *Reason.* *From the very doubt and disputation of Immortalitie.*

For he which reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortall, some immortall call;
Now if himselfe were but a mortall thing,
He could not iudge immortall things at all.

For when we iudge, our minds we mirrors make,
And as those glasses which materiall bee,
Formes of materiall things doe onely take;
For *thoughts* or *minds* in them we cannot see:

So when we God and Angels doe conceiue,
And thinke of *truth*, which is eternall too,
Then doe our minds immortall formes receiue,
Which if they mortall were, they could not doo.

And as if beasts conceiu'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of *reasonable* beare,
For without *Reason*, none could *reason* know:

So when the *Soule* mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternall things she *doubts* can moue,
Shee proofes of her eternitie doth bring,
Euen when shee striues the contrary to proue.

For euen the *thought* of immortalitie,
Being an act done without the bodies ayde,
Shewes that her selfe alone could moue and bee,
Although the body in the graue were layde.

That the Soule cannot be destroyed.

And if her selfe she can so liuely moue,
And neuer need a forraine helpe to take,
Then must her motion euerlasting proue,
„Because her selfe she neuer can forsake.

Her cause ceaseth not.

But though corruption cannot touch the minde,
By any cause that from it selfe may spring,
Some outward cause Fate hath perhaps designd,
Which to the *Soule* may vtter quenching bring.

She hath no contrary.

Perhaps her cause may cease, and she may die
God is her *cause*, his *Word* her maker was,
Which shall stand fixt for all eternitie
When heauen and earth shall like a shadow passe.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong *Antipathy* the *Soule* may kill,
But what can be *contrary* to the minde,
Which holds all *contraries* in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life, and death, & peace, and war together,
Ten thousand fighting things in her doe lye,
Yet neither troubleth or disturbeth either;

Perhaps

Perhaps for want of food the *Soule* may pine,
But that were strange, sith all things *bad* and *good*,
Sith all Gods creatures *mortall* and *divine*,
Sith *God himselfe* is her eternall food.

She cannot dy for want of food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortall kind,
And so are subiect to mortalitie,
But *Truth*, which is eternall, feeds the mind;
The *Tree of life*, which will not let her die.

Yet violence perhaps the *Soule* destroyes,
As lightning, or the *Sun-beames* dim the sight,
Or as a Thunder-clap, or Cannons noyse,
The power of hearing doth astonish quite.

Violence cannot destroy her.

But high perfection to the *Soule* it brings,
T'encounter things most extellent and high;
For, when she viewes the best, and greatest things
They do not hurt, but rather cleare her eye.

Besides, as *Homers gods*, gainst Armies stand,
Her subtill forme can through all dangers slide,
Bodies are captiue, minds endure no band,
And will is free, and can no force abide.

Yet lastly, Time perhaps at last hath power,
To spend her liuely powers, and quench her light,
But old god *Saturne*, which doth all deuoure,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Time cannot destroy her.

Heauen

Heauen waxeth old, and all the *Spheres* aboue.
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay,
And *Time* it selfe, in time shall cease to moue,
Onely the Soule survives, and liues for aye.

„Our bodies, euery footstep that they make,
„March towards death, vntill at last they die,
„Whether we worke or play, or sleepe, or wake,
„Our life doth passe, & with *Times* wings doth flie.

But to the *Soule* Time doth perfection giue,
And ads fresh lustre to her beauty still,
And makes her in eternall youth to liue,
Like her which Nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she liues, the more she feeds on *Truth*,
The more she feeds, her *strēgth* doth more increase;
And what is *strength*, but an effect of *youth*?
Which if *Time* nurse, how can it euer cease?

Obiections against the immortalitie of the soule.

But now these *Epicures* begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe then true;
And that I fondly doe my selfe beguile,
While these receiu'd opinions I ensue.

1. *Obiection.* For what, say they, Doth not the *Soule* waxe old?
How comes it then that aged men doe dote;
And that their braines grow sottish, dull, & co
Which were in youth the onely spirits of note?

Wh

What? are not *Soules* within themselues corrupted?
How can there Idiots then by nature bee?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazeled are, now clearely see?

These Questions make a subtill argument,
To such as thinke both *sense* and *reason* one,
To whom nor agent, from the Instrument,
Nor power of working, from the work is known.

Answere.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in *Senses glasse* doth view,
Doe know, if accident this glasse doe spill,
It *nothing sees*, or *sees the false for true.*

For, if that region of the tender braine,
Where th'inward sense of Fantasie should sit,
And the outward senses gatherings should retain,
By nature, or by chance, become vnfit,

Either at first vncapable it is,
And so few things or none at all receiues,
Or mard by accident, which haps amisse,
And so amisse it euery thing perceiues.

Then as a cunning Prince that vseth *Spyes*,
If they returne no newes doth nothing know,
But if they make aduertisement of lies,
The Princes Counsels all awry doe goe:

Euen

Euen so the *Soule* to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses vndispos'd be,
And to receiue the formes of things vnfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to *know* the truth, and *chuse* the good,
If she such figures in the braine did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a *Phrensie* doe possesse the braine,
It so disturbs and blots the formes of things,
As Fantasie prooues altogether vaine,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds,
Then doth it flie the good, and ill pursue,
Beleeuing all that this false *Spie* propounds.

But purge the humors, and the rage appease,
Which this distemper in the fansie wrought,
Then shall the *wit*, which neuer had disease,
Discourse, and iudge discreetly as it ought.

So though the clouds eclipse the *Sunnes* faire light,
Yet from his face they doe not take one beame;
So haue our eyes their perfect power of sight,
Euen when they looke into a troubled streame.

Then

Then these defects in *Senses* organs bee,
Not in the *Soule*, or in her working might,
She cannot lose her perfect power to see,
Thogh mists & clouds do choke her window light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument;
We must not blame *Apollo*, but his Lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The *Soule* in all hath one intelligence:
Though too much moisture in an Infants braine,
And too much drinesse in an old mans sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retaine:

Then doth the *Soule* want worke, and idle sit,
And this we *childishnesse* and *dotage* call,
Yet hath she then a quicke and actiue wit,
If she had stuffe and tooles to worke withall.

For, giue her Organs fit, and obiects faire,
Giue but the aged man the young mans sense,
Let but *Medea Æsons* youth repaire,
And straight she shewes her wonted excellence.

As a good Harper stricken farre in yeares,
Into whose cunning hands the Gowt is fall,
All his old Crotchets in his braine he beares,
But on his Harpe playes ill, or not at all.

But

But if *Apollo* take his Gowt away,
That flee his nimble fingers may apply,
Apollos selfe will enuy at his play,
And all the world applaud his Minstralsie.

Then *dotage* is no weakneſſe of the mind,
But of the *Senſe*, for if the mind did waſte,
In all old men we ſhould this waſting find,
When they ſome certain terme of yeres had paſt

But moſt of them, euen to their dying howre,
Retaine a mind more liuely, quicke, and ſtrong,
And better vſe their vnderſtanding power,
Then when their braines were warm, & limbs wer
(yong
For though the body waſted be and weake,
And though the leaden forme of earth it beare
Yet when we heare that halfe-dead body ſpeake
We oft are raiſht to the heauenly *Spheares*.

2. *Obiection.* Yet ſay theſe men, If all her organs die,
Then hath the *Soule* no power her powers to vſe,
So in a ſort, her powers extinct doe lie,
When vnto *act* ſhee cannot them reduce.

And if her powers be dead, then what is ſhee?
For ſith from euery thing ſome *powers* do ſpring,
And from thoſe powers ſome *acts* proceeding be
Then kill both *power*, and *act*, and kill the *thing*.

Doub

Doubtlesse the bodies death, when once it dies,
The instruments of sense and life doth kill,
So that she cannot vse those faculties,
Although their root rest in her substance still.

But (as the body liuing) *wit* and *will*,
Can *iudge* and *chuse*, without the bodies ayde,
Though on such obiects they are working still,
As through the bodies organs are conuayde,

So when the body serues her turne no more,
And all her *Senses* are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heauenly contemplations all alone.

So if one man well on a Lute doth play,
And haue good horsemanship, & learnings skill,
Though both his Lute and Horse we take away,
Doth he not keepe his former learning still?

He keepes it doubtlesse, and can vse it to,
And doth both th'other *skils* in power retaine,
And can of both the proper actions doe,
If with his Lute or Horse he meet againe.

So (though the instruments by which we liue,
And view the world, the bodies death doe kill)
Yet with the body they shall all reuiue,
And all their wonted offices fulfill.

Answere.

But

1. Obiection. *But how* till then shall she herselfe imploy? (before
Her Spies are dead, which brought home newe
What she hath got and keepes, she may enioy,
But she hath meanes to vnderstand no more.

Then what do those poor *Soules* which nothing ge
Or what doe those which get and cannot keepe
Like Buckets bottomlesse, which all out-let;
Those *Soules* for want of exercise must sleepe.

Answere. *See how* mans *Soule* against it selfe doth striue,
Why should we not haue other meanes to know
As children while within the wombe they liue,
Feed by the nauill; here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some vse of sense,
And should by chãce their mothers talking heare
That in short time they shall come forth frõ thẽce
Would feare their birth, more then our death w
(fear
They would cry out, If we this place shall leaue,
Then shall we breake our tender nauill strings:
How shall we then our nourishment receiue,
Sith our sweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man should to these Babes reply,
That into this faire world they shall be brought
Where they shall see the Earth, the Sea, the Skie;
The glorious Sun, & all that God hath wrought:
Th

That there ten thouſand dainties they ſhall meet,
Which by their mouthes they ſhall with pleaſure (take
Which ſhalbe cordiall too, as well as ſweet,
And of their little limbes tall bodies make.

This world they thinke a fable, euen as we
Doe thinke the *Story* of the *Golden age*,
Or as ſome ſenſuall ſpirits amongſt vs bee,
Which hold the *world to come, a fained Stage*.

Yet ſhall theſe infants after find all true,
Though then therof they nothing could conceiue,
As ſoone as they are borne, the world they view,
And with their mouthes the nurſes milke receiue.

So when the *Soule* is borne (for death is nought
But the *Soules* birth, and ſo we ſhould it call)
Ten thouſand things ſhe ſees beyond her thought,
And in an vnknowne manner knowes them all.

Then doth ſhe ſee by Spectacles no more,
She heares not by report of double Spies,
Her ſelfe in inſtants doth all things explore,
For each thing preſent, and before her lies.

But ſtill this crue with queſtions me purſues, 4. Obiction.
If *Soules* deceaſd (ſay they) ſtill liuing bee,
Why do they not return, to bring vs newes (ſee.
Of that ſtrange world, whete they ſuch wonders

Answere. *Fond men*, If we beleeue that men doe liue
Vnder the *Zenith* of both frozen *Poles*,
Though none come thence aduertisement to giue,
Why beare we not the like faith of our *Soules*?

The *Soule* hath here on earth no more to doe,
Then we haue businesse in our mothers wombe;
What child doth couet to returne thereto,
Although all children first from thence do come?

But as *Noahs* Pidgeon which return'd no more,
Did shew she footing found for all the flood,
So whē good *Soules* departed through deaths dore,
Come not againe, it shewes their dwelling good.

And doubtlesse, such a *Soule* as vp doth mount,
And doth appeare before her Makers face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As she looks down, & scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detruded downe to Hell,
Either for shame they still themselues retire,
Or tyed in chaines, they in close prison dwell,
And cannot come, although they much desire.

3. Obiection. *Well, well*, say these vaine spirits, though vaine it is,
To thinke our *Soules* to heauen or hell to goe;
Politike men haue thought it not amisse,
To spread this *Lye*, to make men vertuous so,

Pe

Doe you then thinke this *Morall vertue* good? *Answere.*
I thinke you doe, euen for your priuate gaine,
For Common-wealths by *vertue* euer stood,
And Common good the priuate doth containe.

If then this *vertue* you doe loue so well,
Haue you no meanes her practise to maintaine,
But you this *Lye* must to the people tell,
That good *Soules* liue in ioy, and ill in paine?

Must *Vertue* be preserued by a *Lye*?
Vertue and *Truth* doe euer best agree;
By this it seemes to be a veritie,
Sith the effects so good and vertuous bee.

For, as the Deuill father is of lies,
So vice and mischiefe doe his lyes ensue,
Then this good doctrine did not he deuise,
But made this *Lye*, which saith it is not true.

For how can that be false, which euery tongue *The generall consent of all*
Of euery mortall man affirmes for true?
Which truth hath in all Ages been so strong,
As Lodestone-like all hearts it euer drew.

For not the *Christian*, or the *Iew* alone,
The *Persian*, or the *Turke*, acknowledge this;
This mysterie to the wild *Indian* knowne,
And to the *Canniball* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Assyrian* drugge growes euery where,
As common in the *North*, as in the *East*;
This doctrine doth not enter by the *Eare*,
But of it selfe is native in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or prouidence,
Their *Soules* eternitie did euer doubt,
For all *Religion* takes her root from hence,
Which no poore naked nation liues without.

For sith the World for man created was,
(For onely man the vse thereof doth know)
If man doe perish like a withered grasse,
How doth Gods wisedome order things below?

And if that wisedome still wise ends propound,
Why made he man of other creatures King?
When (if he perish here) there is not found
In all the world so poore and vile a thing?

If death do quench vs quite, we haue great wrong,
Sith for our seruice all things else were wrought:
That *Dawes*, & *Trees*, and *Rocks*, should last so long,
When we must in an instant passe to nought.

But blest be that *Great power*, that hath vs blest,
With longer life then heauen or earth can haue,
Which hath infus'd into our mortall breast,
Immortall powers, not subiect to the graue.

For

For, though the Soule doe seeme her graue to beare,
And in this world is almost buried quick,
We haue no cause the bodies death to feare,
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

For as the *Soules Essentiall* powers are three,
The *quickning power*, the *power of sense*, and *reason*,
Three kinds of life to her designed bee,
Which perfect these 3. powers in their due season.

Three kinds of life answerable to the three powers of the soule.

The first life in the mothers wombe is spent,
Where shee her *nursing power* doth onely vse.
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
Sh'expels her body, and this world she viewes.

This we call *Birth*, but if the child could speake,
He *Death* would call it; and of Nature plaine,
That she would thrust him out naked and weake,
And in his passage pinch him with such paine.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac't,
Where all his *Senses* in perfection bee,
Where he finds flowers to smell, & fruits to taste,
And sounds to heare, and sundry formes to see.

When he hath past some time vpon this Stage,
His *Reason* then a little seemes to wake, (age,
Which though the spring whē sense doth fade with
Yet can she here no perfect practise make.

Then doth th'aspiring *Soule* the body leaue,
Which we call *Death*: but were it knowne to all
What *life* our *Soules* doe by this *death* receiue,
Men would it *Birth*, or *Gaole delinery* call.

In this third life Reason will be so bright,
As that her sparke will like the *Sun-beames* shine,
And shall of God enioy the reall sight,
Being still increast by influence diuine.

An Acclamation.

O ignorant poore man, what doest thou beare,
Lockt vp within the Casket of thy brest?
What Iewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heauenly treasure in so weake a chest?

Looke in thy *Soule*, and thou shalt *beauties* find,
Like those which drownd *Narcissus* in the flood,
Honour and *Pleasure* both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted *Good*.

Thinke of her worth, & think that God did meane
This worthy mind should worthy things imbrace
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts vnclean
Nor her dishonour with thy passions base:

Kill not her *quickning power* with surfettings,
Mar not her *Sense* with Sensualitie,
Cast not her serious wit on idle things,
Make not her free *will* slaue to vanitie.

And when thou think'st of her *eternitie*,
Thinke not that *Death* against her nature is,
Thinke it a *birth*, and when thou goest to die,
Sing like a Swan, as if thou went'st to blisse.

And if thou like a child didst feare before,
Being in the darke, where thou didst nothing see,
Now I haue broght thee *torch-light*, feare no more;
Now whē thou dieſt, thou canſt not hudwinkt be.

And thou my *Soule*, which turn'st thy curious eye,
To view the beames of thine owne forme diuine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this fleſh of mine.

Take heed of *ouer-weening*, and compare
Thy Peacocks feet with thy gay Peacocks traine,
Study the beſt, and higheſt things that are,
But of thy ſelfe an humble thought retaine.

Caſt downe thy ſelfe, and onely ſtriue to raiſe
The glory of thy Makers ſacred Name;
Vſe all thy powers, that bleſſed power to praiſe,
Which giues thee power to *bee*, and *vſe the ſame*.

FINIS.

HYMNES OF ASTREA,

In Acrosticke Verse.



LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins.*
1622.



HYMNE I.

Of Astræa.

Early before the day doth spring;
Let vs awake my Muse, and sing,
It is no time to slumber,
So many Ioyes this time doth bring,
As time will faile to number.

But whereto shall we bend our Layes?
Euen vp to Heauen, againe to raise
The Mayd, which thence descended,
Hath brought againe the golden dayes,
And all the world amended.

Rudenesse it selfe she doth refine,
Euen like an Alchymist diuine,
Grosse times of yron turning
Into the purest forme of gold:
Not to corrupt, till heauen waxe old,
And be refin'd with burning.

HYMNE II.

To Astræa.

ETernall Vîrgin, *Goddesse* true,
Let me presume to sing to you.
Iove, euen great *Iove* hath leasure
Sometimes to heare the vulgar crue,
And heares them oft with pleasure.

BLessed *Astræa*, I in part
Enioy the blessings you impart,
The *Peace*, the milke and hony,
Humanitie, and ciuill *Art*,
A richer *Dower* then money.

RIght glad am I that now I liue,
Euen in these dayes whereto you giue
Great happinesse and glory;
If after you I should be borne,
No doubt I should my birth-day scorne,
Admiring your sweet storie.

HYMNE III.

To the Spring.

Earth now is greene, and heauen is blew,
Liuely Spring which makes all new,
Iolly Spring doth enter,
Sweet yong Sun-beames doe subdue
Angry, aged Winter.

Blasts are milde, and Seas are calme,
Euery Meadow flowes with Balme,
The *earth* weares all her riches,
Harmonious Birds sing such a Psalme,
As eare and heart bewitches.

Reserue (sweet Spring) this Nymph of ours,
Eternall garlands of thy flowers,
Greene garlands neuer wasting;
In her shall last our *States* faire Spring,
Now and for euer flourishing,
As long as heauen is lasting.

HYMNE IIII.

To the moneth of May.

Each day of thine, sweet moneth of May,
Loue makes a solemne holy-day.
I will performe like duty,
Sith thou resembleſt euery way
Astræa, Queene of beauty.

Both you freſh beauties do pertake,
Either's aſpect doth Summer make:
Thoughts of young Loue awaking,
Hearts you both doe cauſe to ake,
And yet be pleasd with akeing.

Right deare art thou, and so is shee,
Euen like attractiue Sympathy,
Gaines vnto both like dearenesse;
I weene this made Antiquitie
Name thee, Sweet *May* of *Maieſtie*,
As being both like in *clearenesse*.

HYMNE V.

To the Larke.

EArely cheerefull, mounting Larke,
Lights gentle Vsher, mornings Clark,
In merry Notes delighting:
Stint awhile thy Song, and harke,
And learne my new Inditing.

Beare vp this Hymne, to heau'n it beare,
Euen vp to heau'n, and sing it there,
To heau'n each morning beare it;
Haue it set to some sweet Sphere,
And let the Angels heare it.

Renownd *Astræa*, that great Name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renownd it,
It is *Astræas* Name I praise,
Now then, sweet Larke, do thou it raise,
And in high Heauen resound it.

HYMNE. VI.

To the Nightingale.

Euery night from Euen till Morne,
Loues Quiriſter amidde the thorne
Is now ſo ſweet a Singer,
So ſweet, as for her Song I ſcorne
Apollos voice, and finger.

But Nightingale, ſith you delight
Euer to watch the ſtarry night,
Tell all the Starres of heauen,
Heauen neuer had a Starre ſo bright,
As now to earth is giuen.

Royall *Astræa* makes our day
Eternall with her beames, nor may
Groſſe darkeneſſe ouercome her;
I now perceiue why ſome doe write,
No Countrey hath ſo ſhort a night,
As England hath in Summer.

HYMNE VII.

To the Rose.

EYe of the Garden, Queene of flowres,
Loues Cup wherein he Nectar powres,
Ingendred first of Nectar;
Sweete nurse-child of the Springs young howres,
And Beauties faire Character.

BEst Iewell that the earth doth weare,
EUen when the braue young Sunne drawes neare,
To her hot Loue pretending;
Himselfe likewise like forme doth beare,
At rising and descending.

ROse of the Queene of Loue belou'd;
ENglands great Kings diuinely mou'd,
GAue roses in their Banner;
It shewed that Beauties Rose indeed,
Now in this age should them succeed,
And raigne in more sweet manner.

HYMNE VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

Europe, the Earths sweet Paradise:
Let all thy Kings that would be wise,
In *Politique Deuotion*:
Sayle hither to obserue her eyes,
And marke her heauenly motion.

Braue Princes of this ciuill age,
Enter into this pilgrimage:
This Saints tongue is an oracle,
Her eye hath made a Prince a Page,
And works each day a Miracle.

Raise but your lookes to her, and see
Then the true beames of Maiestie,
Great Princes, marke her duly:
If all the world you doe suruey,
No forehead spreads so bright a Ray,
And notes a Prince so truly.

HYMNE IX.

To Flora.

Empresse of flowers, tell where away
Lies your sweet court this merry *May*,
In *Greenewich* garden Allies;
Since there the heauenly powers do play,
And haunt no other Vallies.

Beautie, *Vertue*, *Maiestie*,
Eloquent Muses, three times three,
The new fresh *houres*, and Graces,
Haue pleasure in this place to be,
Aboue all other Places.

Roses and Lillies did them draw,
Ere they diuine *Astrea* law;
Gay flowers they sought for pleasure:
Instead of gathering Crownes of flowers,
Now gather they *Astrea* Dowers,
And beare to heauen that treasure.

HYMNE X.

To the Moneth of September.

Each Moneth hath praise in some degree;
Let May to others seeme to be
In Sense the sweetest Season;
September thou art best to me,
And best dost please my reason.

But neither for they Corne nor Wine
Extoll I those mild dayes of thine,
Though Corne and wine might praise thee,
Heauen giues thee honour more diuine,
And higher fortunes raise thee.

Renownd art thou (sweet Moneth) for this,
Emong'thy dayes her birth-day is,
Grace, plenty, peace, and *honour*
In one faire houre with her were borne,
Now since they stil her Crowne adorne,
And still attend vpon her.

HYMNE XI.

To the Sunne.

EYe of the world, fountaine of light,
Life of day, and death of night,
I humbly seeke thy kindnesse:
Sweet, dazle not my feeble sight,
And strike me not with blindnesse.

Behold me mildly from that face,
Euen where thou now dost run thy race,
The spheare where now thou turnest;
Hauing like *Phaeton* chang'd thy place,
And yet hearts onely burnest.

Red in her right cheeke thou dost rise,
Exalted after in her eyes,
Great glory there thou shewest:
In th'other cheeke when thou descendest,
New redness vnto it thou lendest,
And so thy Round thou goest.

HYMNE XII.

To her Picture.

EXtreame was his Audacitie,
Little his skill that finisht thee,
I am asham'd and sorry,
So dull her counterfeit should bee,
And she so full of glory.

But here are colours red and white,
Each line, and each proportion right,
These Lines, this red and whitenesse,
Haue wanting yet a life and light,
A Maiestie, and brightnesse.

Rude counterfeit, I then did erre,
Euen now, when I would needs inferre
Great boldnesse in thy maker:
I did mistake, he was not bold:
Nor durst his eyes her eyes behold;
And this made him mistake her.

HYMNE XIII.

Of her Minde.

EArth, now adiew, my rauisht thought
Lifted to heau'n, sets thee at nought;
Infinite is my longing,
Secrets of Angels to be taught,
And things to heau'n belonging.

Brought downe from heau'n of Angels kind,
Euen now doe I admire her *Mind*,
This is my contemplation,
Her cleare sweet *Spirit* which is refin'd,
Aboue Humane *Creation*,

Rich Sun-beame of th'æternall light,
Excellent *Soule*, how shall I wright;
Good Angels make me able;
I cannot see but by your eye,
Nor, but by your tongue, signifie
A thing so Admirable.

HYMNE XIIII.

Of the Sun-beames of her Mind.

E xceeding glorious is this starre
L et vs behold her Beames afarre
I n a side line reflected;
S ight beares them not, when neere they are,
A nd in right lines directed.

B ehold her in her vertues beames,
E xtending Sun-like to all Realmes:
T he Sunne none viewes too neerely;
H er well of goodnes in these streames,
A ppeares right well and clearely.

R adiant vertues, if your light
E nfeeble the best Iudgements sight,
G reat splendor aboue measure
I s in the *mind*, from whence you flow:
N o wit may haue accesse to know,
A nd view so bright a treasure.

HYMNE XV.

Of her Wit.

EYe of that mind moſt quicke and cleere,
Like Heauens eye which from his Spheare,
Into all things prieth,
Sees through all things euery where,
And all their natures trieth.

Bright Image of an Angels wit,
Exceeding ſharpe and ſwift like it,
Things inſtantly diſcerning:
Hauing a Nature infinit,
And yet increas'd by learning.

Reboud vpon thy ſelfe thy light,
Enioy thine own ſweet precious ſight,
Giue vs but ſome reflection;
It is enough for vs if we,
Now in her ſpeech, now policie,
Admire thine high perfection.

HYMNE XVI.

Of her Will.

EVer well affected *will*,
LOuing *goodnesse*, Loathing *ill*,
INestimable Treasure
SInce such a power hath power to spill,
AND saue vs at her pleasure.

BE thou our Law, sweet *will*, and say,
EVen what thou wilt, we will obay
THis Law, if I could read it:
HErein would I spend night and day,
AND study still to plead it.

ROyall *free-will*, and onely *free*,
EAch other *will* is slaue to thee:
GLad is each *will* to serue thee,
IN thee such Princely power is seene,
NO Spirit but takes thee for her Queene,
AND thinkes she must obserue thee.

HYMN 17. XVII.

Of her Memory.

E xcellent Iewels would you see,
L ouely Ladies? come with me,
I will (for loue I owe you)
S hew you as rich a Treasurie,
A s East or West can shew you.

B ehold, if you can iudge of it,
E uen that great store-house of her wit;
T hat beautifull large Table:
H er *Memory*, wherein is writ
A ll knowledge admirable.

R ead this faire book, and you shall learne
E xquisite Skill, if you discerne,
G aine heau'n by this discerning;
I n such a memory diuine,
N ature did forme the *Muses* nine,
A nd *Pallas* Queene of Learning.

HYMNE XVIII.

Of her Phantasie.

EXquisite curiositie,
LOoke on thy selfe with iudging eye,
IF ought be faultie, leaue it.
SO delicate a phantasie
AS this, will straight perceiue it.

BEcause her temper is so fine,
ENdewed with Harmonies diuine:
THerefore if discord strike it,
HEr true proportions doe repine,
AND sadly to mislike it.

RIght otherwise a pleasure sweet,
EVer she takes in actions meet,
GRacing with smiles such meetnesse;
IN her faire forehead beames appeare:
NO Summers day is halfe so cleare,
ADorn'd with halfe that sweetnesse.

HYMNE XIX.

Of the Organs of her Minde.

ECliplèd ſhe is, and her bright rayes
Lie vnder valles, yet many wayes
Is her faire forme reuealed;
Shee diuerſly her ſelfe conueyes,
And cannot be concealed.

By inſtruments her powers appeare
Exceedingly well tun'd and cleare:
This Lute is ſtill in meaſure,
Holds ſtill in tune, euen like a ſpheare,
And yeelds the world ſweet pleaſure.

Reſolue me, Muſe, how this thing is,
Euer a body like to this
Gaue heauen to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make,
No doubt the Angels bodies take,
Aboue our common nature.

HYMNE XX.

Of the passions of her heart.

EXamine not th'*inscrutable Heart*,
Light *Muse* of her, though she in part
Impart it to the Subiect;
Search not, although from Heau'n thou art,
And this an Heauenly obiect.

But since she hath a heart, we know,
Euer some passions thence doe flow,
Though euer rul'd with Honor;
Her iudgement raignes, they waite below,
And fixe their eyes vpon her.

Rectified so, they in their kind
Encrease each vertue of her mind,
Gouern'd with milde tranquilitie;
In all the Regions vnder Heau'n,
No State doth beare it selfe so euen,
And with so sweet facilitie.

HYMNE XXI.

Of the innumerable Vertues of her Minde.

E re thou proceed in this ſweet paines,
L earne *Muſe* how many drops it raines
I n cold and moiſt *December*;
S umme vp *May* flowres, and *Auguſts* graines,
A nd grapes of mild *September*.

B eare the Seas ſand in memory,
E arths graſſes, and the Starres in Skie,
T he little moates which mounted,
H ang in the beames of *Phœbus* eye,
A nd neuer can be counted.

R ecount theſe numbers numberleſſe,
E re thou her vertue canſt expreſſe,
G reat wits this count will cumber.
I nſtruct thy ſelfe in numbring Schooles,
N ow Courtiers vſe to begge for fooles,
A ll ſuch as cannot number.

HYMNE XXII.

Of her Wisdome.

EGle-eyed Wisdome, lifes Loadstarre,
LOoking neere on things afarre;
I *ones* best beloued daughter,
SHowes to her Spirit all that are,
AS *Ione* himselfe hath taught her.

BY this straight Rule she rectifies
EAch thought that in heart doth rise:
THis is her cleare true mirror,
HEr *looking-glasse*, wherein she spies
AFormes of Truth and Error.

RIght Princely Vertue fit to raigne,
ENthroniz'd in her Spirit remaine,
GUiding our fortunes euer;
IF we this starre once cease to see,
NO doubt our State will ship-wrackt bee,
AND torne and sunke for euer.

Of

HYMNE XXIIII.

Of her Iustice.

Exil'd *Astræa* is come againe,
Lo here she doth all things maintaine
In *number, weight*, and *measure*.
She rules vs with delightfull paine,
And we obey with pleasure.

By *Loue* she rules more then by *Law*,
Euen her great *mercy* breedeth awe:
This is her Sword and Scepter,
Herewith she hearts did euer draw,
And this Guard euer kept her.

Reward doth sit in her right hand:
Each Vertue thence taks her Garland
Gather'd in Honors garden:
In her left hand (wherein should be
Nought but the Sword) sits Clemency
And conquers Vice with pardon.

HYMNE XXIIII.

Of her Magnanimitie.

Euen as her State, so is her mind,
Lifted aboue the vulgar kind:
It treads proud Fortune vnder,
Sun-like it sits aboue the wind,
Aboue the Sformes, and Thunder.

Braue Spirit, large Heart, admiring *nought*,
Esteeming each thing as it ought,
That swelleth not, nor shrinketh
Honour is alwayes in her thought,
And of great things she thinketh.

Rocks, Pillars, and heauens Axeltree,
Exemplifie her constancy:
Great changes neuer change her:
In her Sexe feares are wont to rise,
Nature permits, *Time* denies,
And Scornes this place of *danger*.

Hymne XXV.

Of her Moderation.

Empresse of kingdomes though she be,
Larger is her Soueraigntie,
If she her selfe doe gouerne,
Subiect vnto her selfe is she,
And of her selfe true Soueraigne.

Beauties Crowne though she do weare,
Exalted into Fortunes chaire,
Thron'd like the Queene of Pleasure:
Her Vertues still possesse her Eare,
And counsell her to Measure.

Reason, if shee incarnate were,
Euen Reasons selfe could neuer heare
Greatnesse with Moderation;
In her one temper still is seene,
No libertie claimes she as Queene,
And showes no alteration.

HYMNE XXVI.

To Envy.

ENuy, goe weepe: my Muse and I
Laugh thee to scorne, thy feeble Eye
Is dazeled with the glory
Shining in this gay Poesie,
And little golden Story.

Behold how my proud quill doth shed
Eternall *Nectar* on her head:
The pompe of Coronation
Hath not such power her fame to spread,
As this my admiration.

Respect my Pen as free and franke
Expecting not Reward nor Thanke,
Great wonder onely moues it;
I neuer made it mercenary,
Nor should my Muse this burthen carrie
As hyr'd but that she loues it.

FINIS.

ORCHESTRA.

OR

A Poeme expreſsing the Antiquitie and Excellencie of DAVNCING.

In a Dialogue betweene *Penelope*, and one of her Wooers.

Not finiſhed.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins.*
1622.

ORCHESTRA.

OR

A Poeme expreſsing the An-



LONDON,

1 6 5 3.

TO THE PRINCE.

SIR, whatſoeuer YOV are pleas'd to doo
It is your ſpeciall Praiſe, that you are bent,
And ſadly ſet your Princely mind thereto:
Which makes YOV in each thing ſo excellent.

Hence is it, that YOV came ſo ſoone to bee
A Man at Armes in euery point aright;
The faireſt Flowre of noble Chiualrie;
And of Saint *George* his Band the braueſt Knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthfull Traine
In Actiueneſſe, and Grace, YOV doe excell,
When YOV doe Courtly Dauncings entertaine.
Then Dauncings Praiſe may bee preſented well

To YOV, whoſe action adds more praiſe thereto,
Then all the *Muſes* with their Penns can doo.

ORCHESTRA.

OR,

A Poeme of Dauncing.

1

WHere liues the man that neuer yet did heare
Of chaſte *Penelope*, *Vliſſes* Queene?
Who kept her faith vnſpotted twentie yeare,
Till he return'd that farre away had beene,
And many men, and many townes had ſeene:
Ten yeare at ſiege of *Troy* he lingring lay,
And ten yeare in the Mid-land-Sea did ſtray.

2

Homer, to whom the Muſes did carouſe
A great deepe cup with heauenly Nectar filld,
The greateſt, deepeſt cup in *Ioues* great houſe,
For *Ioue* himſelfe had ſo expreſly willd)
He dranke off all, ne let one drop be ſpilld;
Since when, his braine that had before been drie,
Became the well-ſpring of all Poetrie.

Homer

3

Homer doth tell in his abounding Verſe,
The long laborious Trauailes of the *Man*,
And of his Lady too he doth reherſe,
How ſhee illudes with all the Art ſhe can,
Th'vngratefull loue which other Lords began;
For of her Lord falſe Fame long ſince had ſworn
That *Neptunes* Monſters had his carkaſe torne.

4

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,
One thing moſt worthy his eternall Song,
But he was old, and blind, and ſaw it not,
Or elſe he thought he ſhould *Vliſſes* wrong,
To mingle it his Tragicke acts among.
Yet was there not in all the world of things,
A ſweeter burden for his Muſes wings.

5

The Courtly loue *Antinous* did make,
Antinous that freſh and iolly Knight,
Which of the Gallants that did vndertake
To win the Widdow, had moſt wealth and might,
Wit to perſwade, and beautie to delight.
The Courtly loue he made vnto the Queene,
Homer forgot as if it had not beene,

Sin

6

ing then *Terpſichore*, my light Muſe ſing
His gentle Art, and *cunning curteſie*:
You Lady can remember euery thing,
For you are daughter of Queene Memorie,
But ſing a plaine and eaſie melodie:
For the ſoft meane that warbleth but the ground,
To my rude eare doth yeeld the ſweeteſt ſound.

7

One onely nights diſcourſe I can report,
When the great Torch-bearer of heauen was gone
Downe in a maske vnto the Oceans Court,
To reuell it with *Tethis* all alone;
Mistreſs diſguiſed and vnknowne
Like to the Spring in gaudie Ornament,
Vnto the Caſtle of the Princeſſe went.

8

The ſouereigne Caſtle of the rockie Ile,
Wherein *Penthia* the Princeſſe lay,
Shone with a thouſand Lamps, which did exile
The ſhadowes darke, and turn'd the night to day,
Not *Eurus* blew a Tent, what time the Sunn ray
Behind the Boſt'rake of the earth retires,
Is ſeene ſo ſtarrie with more twinckling fires.

That

9

That night the Queen came forth from far within
And in the presence of her Court was seene,
For the sweet Singer *Phemius* did begin
To praise the Worthies that at *Troy* had beene;
Somewhat of her *Vlisses* shee did weene, (sing
In his graue Hymne the heau'nly man would
Or of his warres, or of his wandering.

10

Pallas that houre with her sweet breath diuine
Inspir'd immortall beautie in her eyes,
That with cœlestiall glory shee did shine,
Brigher then *Venus* when shee doth arise
Out of the waters to adorne the skies;
The Wooers all amazed doe admire,
And checke their owne presumptuous desire.

11

Onely *Antinous* when at first he view'd
Her starbright eyes that with new honour shind,
Was not dismayd, but there-with-all reuew'd
The nobleſſe and the splendour of his mind;
And as he did fit circumstances find,
Vnto the Throne he boldly gan aduance,
And with faire maners wooed the queen to dance

God

12

Goddesse of women, sith your heau'nlinesse
Hath now vouchsaft it selfe to represent
To our dim eyes, which though they see the lesse,
Yet are they blest in their astonishment,
Imitate heau'n, whose beauties excellent
Are in continuall motion day and night,
And moue thereby more wonder and delight.

13

Let me the moouer be, to turne about
Those glorious ornaments that Youth and Loue
Haue fixed in you, euery part throughout,
Which if you will in timely measure moue,
Not all those precious Iemms in heau'n aboue
Shall yeeld a sight more pleasing to behold,
With all their turnes and tracings manifold,

14

With this, the modest Princesse blusht & smil'd,
Like to a cleare and rosie euentide;
And softly did returne this answere mild,
Faire Sir, you needs must fairely be denide,
Where your demaund cannot be satisfide.
My feet, which onely Nature taught to goe,
Did neuer yet the Art of footing know.

But

15

But why perſwade you me to this new rage?
(For all diſorder and miſrule is new,)
For ſuch miſgouernment in former age
Our old diuine Forefathers neuer knew,
Who if they liu'd, and did the follies view (faires,
Which their fond Nephews make their chiefe af-
Would hate themſelues that had begot ſuch heires.

16

Sole heire of vertue, and of beautie both,
Whence cometh it (*Artemia* replies)
That your imperous vertue is ſo loth
To graunt your Beauty her chiefe exerciſe?
Or from what ſpring doth your opinion riſe
That danching is a frenzy and a rage,
Firſt knowne and vs'd in this new iangled age?

17

The Antiquitie of Dauncing.

Dauncing (bright Lady) then began to bee,
When the firſt ſeeds whereof the world did ſpring,
The Fire, Ayre, Earth and Water did agree,
By Loues perſwaſion, Natures mighty King,
To leane their firſt diſordred combating;
And in a Daunce ſuch meaſure to obſerue,
As all the world their motion ſhould preſerue.

Since

18

Since when they ſtill are carried in a round,
And changing come one in anothers place,
Yet doe they neither mingle nor confound,
But euery one doth keepe the bounded ſpace
Wherein the Daunce doth bid it turne or trace;
This wondrous myracle did Loue deuiſe,
For Dauncing is Loues proper exerciſe.

19

Like this, he fram'd the Gods eternall Bower,
And of a ſhapeleſſe and confuſed maſſe,
By his through-piercing and digeſting power,
The turning vault of heauen formed was:
Whoſe ſtarry wheeles he hath ſo made to paſſe,
As that their mouings doe a muſicke frame,
And they themſelues ſtill daunce vnto the ſame.

20

Or if this (All) which round about we ſee,
(As idle *Morpheus*, ſome ſicke braines hath taught)
Of vndeuided *Motes* compacted bee,
How was this goodly Architecture wrought?
Or by what meanes were they together brought?
They erre that ſay they did concurre by chance,
Loue made them meet in a well-ordered daunce.

As

21

As when *Amphion* with his charming Lire
Begot so sweet a Syren of the ayre,
That with her Rethorike made the stones conspire
The ruines of a Citie to repaire,
(A worke of wit and reasons wise affaire) (taught
So Loues smooth tongue, the *motes* such measure
That they ioyn'd hands, and so the world was
(wrought

22

How iustly then is Dauncing tearmed new,
Which with the world in point of time begun?
Yea Time it selfe, (whose birth *Ione* neuer knew,
And which indeed is elder then the Sun)
Had not one moment of his age outrunne,
When out leapt Dauncing fro the heap of things
And lightly rode vpon his nimble wings.

23

Reason hath both their pictures in her Treasure,
Where *Time the measure of all mouing is*;
And Dauncing is a mouing all in measure,
Now if you doe resemble that to this,
And thinke both one, I think you thinke amis:
But if you iudge them Twins, together got,
And Time first borne, your iudgment erreth not
Thu

24

Thus doth it equall age with *age* inioy,
And yet in luſtie youth for euer flowers,
Like Loue his Sire, whom Paynters make a Boy,
Yet is he eldeſt of the heau'ly powers;
Or like his brother Time, whoſe winged howers
Going and comming will not let him dye,
But ſtill preſerue him in his infancie.

25

This ſaid; the Queene with her ſweet lips diuine
Gently began to moue the ſubtile ayre,
Which gladly yeelding, did it ſelfe incline
To take a ſhape betweene thoſe rubies fayre;
And being formed, ſoftly did repayre
With twenty doublings in the emptie way,
Vnto *Antinous* eares, and thus did ſay.

26

VVHat eye doth ſee the heau'n but doth admire
Whē it the mouings of the heau'ns doth ſee?
My ſelfe, if I to heau'n may once aſpire,
If that be dauncing, will a Dancer be:
But as for this your frantick iollitie
How it began, or whence you did it learne,
I neuer could with reaſons eye diſcerne.

27

Antinous answered a Iewell of the Earth
Worthy you are that heau'nly Daunce to leade
But for you thinke our dauncing base of birth
And newly borne but of a brainesicke head,
I will foorthwith his antique Gentry read,
And for I loue him, will his Herault be
And blaze his Armes, and draw his Petigree.

28

The original of dancing.

When Loue had shapt this world, *this great faire wight*
That all wights else in this wide womb containes
And had instructed it to daunce aright,
A thousand measures with a thousand straines,
Which it should practise with delightfull paines
Vntill that fatall instant should reuolue,
When all to nothing should againe resolue

29

The comely order and proportion faire
On euery side did please his wandring eye,
Till glauncing through the thin transparent ayre
A rude disordered rout he did espie
Of men and women, that most spightfully
Did one another throng, and crowd so sore,
That his kind eye in pitty wept therefore.

And

30

And ſwifter then the Lightning downe he came
Another ſhapeleſſe Chaos to digeſt,
He will begin another world to frame,
(For Loue till all be well will neuer reſt)
Then with ſuch words as cannot be expreſt
He cutts the troups, that all a ſunder fling.
And ere they wiſt, he caſts them in a ring.

31

Then did he rarifie the Element
And in the center of the ring appeare,
The beames that from his forehead ſpreading went,
Begot an horrour, and religious feare
In all the ſoules that round about him weare,
Which in their eares attentiueneſſe procures,
While he, with ſuch like ſounds, their minds allures.

32

How doth Confuſions Mother, headlong Chance
Put reaſons noble ſquadron to the route?
Or how ſhould you that haue the gouernance
Of Natures children, heauen and earth throughout
Preſcribe them rules, and liue your ſelues without.
Why ſhould your fellowſhip a trouble be,
Since mans chiefe pleaſure is ſocietie?

The ſpeach of Loue perſwading men to learn Dancing.

33

If ſence hath not yet taught you, learne of me
A comely moderation and diſcreet,
That your aſſemblies may well ordered bee
When my vniting power ſhall make you meet,
With heau'nly tunes it ſhall be tempered ſweet:
And be the modell of the worlds great frame,
And you Earths children, *Daunsing* ſhall it name.

34

Behold the *world* how it is *whirled round*,
And for it is ſo *whirl'd*, is named ſo;
In whoſe large volume many rules are found
Of this new Art, which it doth fairely ſhow:
For your quicke eyes in wandring too and fro
From Eaſt to Weſt, on no one thing can glaunce,
But if you marke it well, it ſeemes to daunce.

35

By the ordi-
nary motion of
the fixed
Stars.

First you ſee *fixt* in this huge mirrour blew
Of trembling lights a number numberleſſe,
Fixt they are nam'd, but with a name vntrue,
For they all moone, and in a Daunce expreſſe
That *great long yeare* that doth containe no leſſe
Then threeſcore hundreds of thoſe yeares in all,
Which the Sunne makes with his courſe naturall.

What

36

What if to you theſe ſparks diſordered ſeeme
As if by chaunce they had beene ſcattered there?
The Gods a ſolemne meaſure doe it deeme
And ſee a iuſt proportion euery where,
And know the points whẽce firſt their mouings were;
To which firſt points when all returne againe,
The Axeltree of Heau'n ſhall breake in twaine.

37

Vnder that ſpangled skye, fiue wandring flames, *Of the Planets*
Beſides the King of Day, and Queene of Night,
Are wheel'd around, all in their ſundry frames,
And all in ſundry meaſures doe delight,
Yet altogether keepe no meaſure right.
For by it ſelfe, each doth it ſelfe aduance,
And by it ſelfe, each doth a Galliard daunce.

38

Venus the Mother of that baſtard Loue
Which doth vſurpe the worlds great Marſhals name,
Iuſt with the Sunne her dainty feete doth moue
And vnto him doth all the ieſtures frame:
Now after, now afore, the flattering Dame
With diuers cunning paſſages doth erre,
Still him reſpecting that reſpects not her.

39

For that braue Sunne the Father of the Day,
Doth loue this Earth the Mother of the Night,
And like a reuellour in rich aray
Doth daunce his Galliard in his Lemmans sight,
Both back, and forth, and sidewaies passing light,
His Princely grace doth so the Gods amaze,
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

40

But see the Earth, when she approcheth neere,
How she for ioy doth spring and sweetly smile;
But see againe her sad and heauy cheere
When changing places he retires a while:
But those blake cloudes he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence flye,
As mists consum'd before his cheerefull eye.

41

Who doth not see the measures of the Moone
Which thirteene times she daunceth euery yeare?
And ends her Paune thirteene times as soone
As doth her brother, of whose golden haire
She borroweth part and proudly doth it weare.
Then doth she coyly turne her face aside,
That halfe her cheeke is scarse somtimes diseride.

Next

42

Next her the pure, ſubtile, and clenſing fire, *Of the Fire.*
Is ſwiftly carried in a circle euen:
Though *Vulcan* be pronounſt by many a lyer
The onely halting god that dwels in heauen.
But that foule name may be more fitly giuen
To your falſe fire that farre from heau'n is fall
And doth conſume, waſte, ſpoile, diſorder all.

43

And now behold your tender Nurſe the *Ayre*, *Of the Ayre.*
And common neighbour that *ay runns around*,
How man, pictures and impreſsions faire
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your ſences Dauncing doe propound;
For what are *Breath, Speech, Ecchos, Muſicke Winds*,
But Dauncings of the Ayre in ſundry kinds?

44

For when you breath, the *ayre* in order moues,
Now in, now out, in time and meaſure trew;
And when you ſpeake ſo well ſhe dauncing loues,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thouſand formes ſhe doth her ſelfe endew:
For all the words that from your lips repaire,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the ayre.

45

Hence is her pratling daughter *Eccho* borne,
That daunces to all voyces she can heare:
There is no sound so harsh that shee doth scorne,
Nor any time wherein shee will forbeare
The ayrie pauement with her feet to weare:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth euery trick.

46

And thou sweet *Musicke*. Dauncings onely life,
The cares sole happinesse, the ayres best speach,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft minds Paradice the sicke minds Leach,
with thine own tong thou trees & stons canst teach
That when the aire doth dance her fineſt measure,
Thē art thou borne the gods & mens sweet plea-
(sure.

47

Lastly, where keepe the *Winds* their reuelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hayes?
But in the Ayre tralucent gallery?
Where shee her selfe is turnd a hundreth wayes,
While with those Maskers wantonly she playes;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encomber not the place.

If

48

If then fire, ayre, wandring and fixed Lights
In euery prouince of th'Imperiall skie,
Yeeld perfect formes of dauncing to your sights,
In vaine I teach the eare, that which the eye
With certaine view already doth descrie.
But for your eyes perceiue not all they see,
In this I will your senses master bee.

49

For loe the *Sea* that fleets about the Land, *Of the Sea.*
And like a girdle clips her solide wast,
Musicke and measure both doth vnderstand:
For his great Chrystall eye is alwayes cast
Vp to the Moone, and on her fixed fast.
And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere,
So daunceth he about the Center heere.

50

Sometimes his proud greene waues in order set,
One after other flow vnto the shore,
Which when they haue with many kisses wet,
They ebbe awa; in order as before;
And to make knowne his Courtly Loue the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forkt Mace,
And with his armes the timorous Earth embrace.

Onely

51

Onely the Earth doth ſtand for euer ſtill,
Her rocks remoue not, nor her mountaines meet,
(Although ſome wits enricht with Learnings skill
Say heau'n ſtands firme, & that the Earth doth fleet
And ſwiftly turneth vnderneath their feet)
Yet though the Earth is euer ſtedfaſt ſeene,
On her broad breaſt hath Dauncing euer beene.

52

Of the Riuers.

For thoſe blew vaines that through her body ſpred,
thoſe ſaphire ſtreams which frō great hils do ſpring
(The Earths great dugs: for euery wight is fed
With ſweet freſh moiſture from them iſſuing)
Obſerue a daunce in their wilde wandering:
And ſtill their daunce begets a murmur ſweet,
And ſtill the murmur with the daunce doth meet.

53

Of all their wayes I loue *Meanders* path,
Which to the tunes of dying Swans death daunce,
Such winding ſleights, ſuch turns & tricks he hath,
Such Creeks, ſuch wrenches and ſuch daliaunce,
That whether it be hap or heedleſſe chaunce,
In this indented courſe and wriggling play
He ſeemes to daunce a perfect cunning *Hay*.

But

54

But wherefore doe theſe ſtreames for euer runne?
To keepe themſelues for euer ſweet and cleere:
For let their euerlaſting courſe be donne
They ſtraight corrupt and foule with mud appeare.
O yee ſweet Nymphs that beauties loſſe do feare,
Contemne the drugs that Phyſick doth deuiſe,
And learne of Loue this dainty exerciſe.

55

See how thoſe flowres that haue ſweet Beauty too
(The onely Iewels that the Earth doth weare
When the young Sunne in brauery her doth woo)
As oft as they the whiſtling wind doe heare,
Doe waue their tender bodies here and there;
And though their daunce no perfect meaſure is,
Yet oftentimes their muſicke makes them kis.

Of other things vpon the earth.

56

What makes the Viue about the Elme to daunce
With turnings, windings & embracements round?
What makes the Load-ſtone to the North aduance
His ſubtile point, as if from thence he found
His chiefe attractiue Vertue to redound?
Kind Nature firſt doth cauſe all things to loue,
Loue makes them daunce and in iuſt order moue.

Harke

57

Harke how the Birds doe ſing, and marke then how
Iumpe with the modulation of their layes,
They lightly leape, and skip from bow to bow:
Yet doe the Cranes deſerue a greater prayſe
Which keepe ſuch meaſure in their ayrie wayes,
As when they all in order ranked are,
They make a perfect forme triangular,

58

In the chiefe angle flyes the watchfull guid,
And all the followers their heads doe lay
On their forgoers backs, on eyther ſide,
But for the Captaine hath no reſt to ſtay
His head forwearied with the windy way,
He back retires, and then the next behind,
As his Lieuetenaunt leads them through the wind.

59

But why relate I euery ſingular?
Since all the worlds great fortunes and affaires
Forward and backward rapt and whirled are,
According to the muſicke of the ſpheares:
And Chaunge her ſelfe, her nimble feete vpbeares
On a round ſlippery wheele that rowleth ay,
And turnes all ſtates with her impetuous ſway.

Learne

60

Learne then to daunce, you that are Princes borne,
And lawfull Lords of earthly creatures all;
Imitate them, and thereof take no ſcorne,
For this new Art to them is naturall
And imitate the ſtarres cæleſtiall.
For when pale Death your vital twiſt ſhall ſeuer,
Your better parts muſt daunce with thē for euer.

61

Thus Loue perſwades, and all the crowne of men
That ſtands around doth make a murmuring:
As when the wind looſd from his hollow den,
Among the trees a gentle Baſe doth ſing,
Or as a Brooke through peebles wandering:
But in their looks they vttered this plain ſpeach,
That they would learn to daunce, if Loue would (teach.

62

How Loue taught men to daunce.

Then firſt of all he doth demonſtrate plaine
The motions ſeauen that are in nature found,
Vpward, and *downeward*, *forth* and *backe againe*,
To this ſide, and *to that* and *turning round*:
Whereof a thouſand brawles he doth compound,
Which he doth teach vnto the multitude,
And euer with a turne they muſt conclude.

Rounds, or Country Dances.

63

As when a Nimph aryſing from the Land
Leadeth a daunce with her long watery traine
Downe to the Sea, ſhe wries to euery hand
And euery way doth croſſe the fertile plaine:
But when at laſt ſhee falls into the maine
Then all her trauerſes concluded are,
And with the Sea her courſe is circulare,

64

Thus when at firſt Loue had them marſhalled
As earſt he did the ſhapeleſſe maſſe of things,
He taught them *rounds* and *winding Heyes* to tread,
And about trees to caſt themſelues in rings.
As the two Beares whom the firſt mouer flings
With a ſhort turne about heauens Axeltree,
In a round daunce for euer wheeling bee.

65

Meaſures. But after theſe, as men more ciuell grew
He did more graue and ſolemne meaſures frame;
With ſuch faire order and proportion true
And correſpondence euery way the ſame,
That no fault finding eye did euer blame,
For euery eye was moued at the ſight
With ſober wondring, and with ſweet delight.

Not

66

ot thoſe youg Students of the heauen'ly booke,
as the great, *Promethius* the wiſe,
hich on the Starres did all their life-time looke
uld euer finde ſuch meaſures in the skies,
full of change and rare varieties;
Yet all the feete whereon theſe meaſures goe,
Are onely Spondeis, ſolemne, graue and ſloe.

67

But for more diuers and more pleaſing ſhow,
A ſwift and wandring Daunce ſhe did inuent,
Vith paſſages vncertaine to and fro,
et with a certaine anſwere and conſent *Galliards.*
o the quicke Muſicke of the Inſtrument.
Fiue was the number of the Muſicks feet,
Which ſtill the daunce did with fiue paces meet.

68

A gallant daunce, that liuely doth bewray
A ſpirit and a vertue Maſculine,
Impatient that her houſe on earth ſhould ſtay
ince ſhe her ſelfe is fiery and diuine:
Oft doth ſhe make her body vpward ſline,
With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
Which with the luſty tunes accordeth faire.

What

69

Currants. What ſhall I name thoſe currant trauaſes,
That on a triple *Dactile* foot doe runne
Cloſe by the ground with ſliding paſſages,
Wherein that Dancer greateſt praiſe hath won,
Which with beſt order can all orders ſhunne:
For euery where he wantonly muſt range,
And turne, and wind, with vnexpected change.

70

Leuahts. Yet is there one the moſt delightfull kind,
A loftie iumping, or a leaping round,
Where arme in arme, two Dauncers are entwind
And whirle themſelues with ſtri & embracements bound
And ſtill their feet an *Anapeſt* do ſound:
An *Anapeſt* is all their Muſicks ſong,
Whoſe firſt two feet are ſhort, & third is long.

71

As the victorious *twinnes* of *Leda* and *Ioue*
That taught the Spartans dauncing on the ſands,
Of ſwift *Eurotas*, daunce in Heau'n aboue,
Knit and vnited with eternall hands;
Among the Starres their double Image ſtands,
Where both are carried with an equall pace,
Together iumping in their turning race.

This

72

This is the Net wherein the Sunns bright eye
Venus and *Mars* entangled did behold,
For in this Daunce, their armes they so imply
As each, doth seeme the other to enfold:
What if lewd wits another tale haue told
Of iealous *Vulcan*, and of yron chaynes.
Yet this true sence that forged lye containes.

73

These various formes of dauncing, Loue did frame,
And beside these, a hundred millions moe,
And as he did inuent he taught the same:
With goodly iesture, and with comly show,
Now keeping state, now humbly honoring low.
And euer for the persons and the place
He taught most fit, and best according grace. *Grace in Dauncing*

74

For Loue, within his fertile working braine
Did then conceiue those gracious Virgins three,
Whose ciuell moderation did maintaine
All decent order and conueniencie,
And faire respect, and seemlie modestie:
And then he thought it fit they should be borne.
That their sweet presence dauncing might adorne.

75

Hence is it that theſe *Graces* painted are
With hand in hand dauncing an endleſſe round:
And with regarding eyes, that ſtill beware
That there be no diſgrace amongſt them found;
With equall foote they beate the flowry ground,
Laughing, or ſinging, as their paſſions will,
Yet nothing that they doe becomes them ill.

76

Thus Loue taught men, and men thus learnd of Loue
Sweet Muſicks ſound with feet to counterfaite,
Which was long time before high thundering *Ioue*
Waſhfted vp to heau'ns imperiall ſeat.
For though by birth he were the Prince of *Creete*,
Nor *Creet*, nor Heau'n, ſhould the yong Prince haue
If Dancers with their Timbrels had not been, (ſeen

77

The vſe and formes of Dauncing in ſundry aſſ ires of manrliſe.

Since when all ceremonious miſteries,
All ſacred Orgies and religious rights,
All pomps, and triumphs, and ſolemnities,
All Funerals, Nuptials, and like publike ſights,
All Parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
All learned Arts, and euery great affaire
A liuely ſhape of Dauncing ſeemes to beare.

For

78

For what did he who with his ten-tong'd Lute
Gaue Beaſts and blocks an vnderſtanding eare?
Or rather into beſtiall minds and brute
Shed and infus'd the beames of reaſon cleare?
Doubtleſſe for men that rude and ſauage were
A ciuill forme of dauncing he deuis'd,
Wherewith vnto their Gods they ſacrifiz'd.

79

So did *Muſæus*, ſo *Amphion* did,
And *Linus* with his ſweet enchanting ſong,
And he whoſe hand the earth of monſters rid
And had mens eares faſt chayned to his tongue:
And *Theſeus* to his wood borne ſlaues among
V'ſd dauncing as the fineſt pollicie
To plant religion and ſocietie.

80

And therefore now the Thracian *Orpheus* Lire
And *Hercules* him ſelfe are ſtellified;
And in high heau'n amidſt the ſtarry Quire
Dauncing their parts continually doe ſlide:
So on the Zodiake *Ganimed* doth ride,
And ſo is *Hebe* with the Muſes nine
For pleaſing *Ioue* with dauncing, made diuine.

81

Wherefore was *Proteus* ſayd himſelfe to change
Into a ſtreame, a Lyon, and a tree,
And many other formes fantaſtique ſtrange
As in his fickle thought he wiſht to be?
But that he daunc'd with ſuch facilitie.
As like a Lyon he could pace with pride,
Ply like a Plant, and like a Riuer ſlide,

82

And how was *Cæneus* made at firſt a man,
And then a woman, then a man againe
But in a Daunce? which when he firſt began
Hee the mans part in meaſure did ſuſtaine:
But when he chang'd into a ſecond ſtraine
He daunc'd the womans part another ſpace,
And then return'd into his former place.

83

Hence ſprang the fable of *Tireſias*
That he the pleaſure of both ſexes tryde:
For in a daunce he man and woman was
By often chaunge of place from ſide to ſide.
But for the woman eaſily did ſlide
And ſmoothly ſwim with cunning hidden Art,
He tooke more pleaſure in a womans part

84

So to a fiſh *Venus* herſelfe did change,
And ſwimming through the ſoft and yeelding waue,
With gentle motions did ſo ſmoothly range
As none might ſee where ſhe the water drawe:
But this plaine truth that falſed fable gaue
That ſhe did daunce with flyding eaſines,
Plyant and quick in wandring paſſages,

85

And merry *Bacchus* practis'd dauncing to,
And to the Lydian numbers rounds did make:
The like he did in th'Eaſterne India doo,
And taught them all when *Phœbus* did awake,
And when at night he did his coach forſake:
To honor heau'n, and heau'ns great roling eye
With turning daunces, and with melodie

86

Thus they who firſt did found a common-weale,
And they who firſt Religion did ordaine,
By dauncing firſt the peoples hearts did ſteale,
Of whom we now a thouſand tales doe faine.
Yet doe we now their perfect rules retaine,
And vſe them ſtill in ſuch deuiſes new
As in the world long ſince their withering grew.

87

For after townes and Kingdomes founded were
Betweene great States arose well-ordered *war*,
Wherein most perfect measure doth appeare
Whether their well-set rankes respected are
In Quadrant forme or Semicircular:
Or else the March, when all the troups aduance
And to the Drum, in gallant order daunce,

88

And after warrs, when white-wing'd victory
Is with a glorious tryumph beautified,
And euery one doth *Io Io* cry,
Whiles all in gold the Conquerour doth ride,
The solemne pompe that fils the Citty wide
Obserues such ranke and measure euery where,
As if they altogether dauncing were.

89

The like iust order Mourners doe obserue,
(But with vnlike affection and attire)
When some great man that nobly did deserue
And whom his friends impatiently desire
Is brought with honour to his latest fire:
The dead corps too in that sad daunce is mou'd,
As if both dead and liuing, dauncing lou'd.

90

A diuers cauſe, but like ſolemnitie
Vnto the Temple leades the baſhfull bride,
Which bluſheth like the Indian Iuory
Which is with dip of Tyrian purple died:
A golden troope doth paſſe on euery ſide
Of flouriſhing young men and Virgins gay,
Which keepe faire meaſure all the flowry way.

91

And not alone the generall multitude,
But thoſe choiſe *Neſtors* which in councell graue
Of Cities, and of Kingdomes doe conclude,
Moſt comly order in their Seſſions haue:
Wherefore the wiſe Theſſalians euer gaue
The name of Leader of their Countries daunce
To him that had their Countries gouernance.

92

And thoſe great Maſters of their liberall Arts
In all their ſeuerall Schooles doe Dauncing teach,
For humble Grammer firſt doth ſet the parts
Of congruent and well-according ſpeach:
Which Rethorike whoſe ſtate the clouds doth reach,
And beau'nly Poetry doe forward lead,
And diuers Meaſures diuerſly doe tread.

93

For Rhetorick clothing ſpeech in rich aray
In looſer numbers teacheth her to range,
With twenty tropes, and turnings euery way,
And various figures, and licencious change,
But Poetry with rule and order ſtrange
So curiouſly doth moue each ſingle pace,
As all is mard if ſhe one foot miſplace.

94

Theſe Arts of ſpeach the guids and Marſhals are,
But Logick leadeth Reaſon in a daunce,
(Reaſon the Cynoſure and bright Load-ſtar
In this worlds Sea t'auoid the rock of Chaunce)
For with cloſe following and continuance
One reaſon doth another ſo enſue,
As in concluſion ſtill the daunce is true.

95

So Muſike to her owne ſweet tunes doth trip
With tricks of, 3, 5, 8, 15, and more:
So doth the art of Numbering ſeeme to skip
From eu'n to odd in her proportion'd ſcore:
So doe thoſe skils whoſe quick eyes doe explore
The iuſt demenſion both of earth and heau'n
In all their rules obſerue a meaſure eu'n.

Loe

96

Loe this is Dauncings true nobilitie,
Dauncing the child of Muſicke and of Loue,
Dauncing it ſelfe both loue and harmony,
Where all agree, and all in order moue;
Dauncing the Art that all Arts doe approue e
The faire Caracter of the worlds conſent,
The heau'ns true figure, and th'earths ornament.

97

THE Queene whoſe dainty eares had borne too long
The tedious praiſe of that ſhe did deſpiſe,
Adding once more the muſicke of the tongue
To the ſweet ſpeech of her alluring eyes,
Began to anſwer in ſuch winning wiſe
As that forthwith *Antinous* tongu was tyde,
His eyes faſt fixt, his eares were open wide.

98

For ſooth (quoth ſhe) great glory you haue won
To your trim Minion Dauncing all this while,
By blazing him Loues firſt begotten ſonne,
Of euery ill the hateſull Father vile
That doth the world with ſorceries beguile:
Cunningly mad, religiouſly prophane,
Wits monſter, Reaſons canker, Sences bane.

Loue

99

Loue taught the mother that vnkinde desire
To waſh her hands in her owne Infants blood;
Loue taught the daughter to betray her Sire
Into moſt baſe vnworthy ſeruitude;
Loue taught the brother to prepare ſuch foode
To feaſt his brothers, that the all-ſeeing Sun
Wrapt in a clowd, that wicked ſight did ſhun,

100

And euen this ſelfe ſame Loue hath dauncing taught,
An Art that ſheweth th' *Idea* of his minde
With vaineſſe, frenzie, and miſorder fraught;
Sometimes with blood and cruelties vnkinde:
For in a daunce, *Tereus* mad wife did finde
Fit time and place by murther of her ſonne,
T' auenge the wrong his trayterous Sire had done.

101

What meane the Mermayds when thy daunce and ſing
But certaine death vnto the Marriner?
What tydings doe the dauncing Dilphins bring
But that ſome dangerous ſtorme approcheth nere?
Then ſith both Loue and Dauncing lyueries beare
Of ſuch ill hap, vnhappy may I proue,
If fitting free I either daunce or loue,

Yet

102

Yet once againe *Antinous* did reply,
Great Queen, condemne not Loue the innocent,
For this miſchieuous Luſt, which traterouſly
Vſurps his Name, and ſteales his ornament:
For that true Loue which dauncing did inuent,
Is he that tun'd the worlds whole harmony,
And linkt all men in ſweet ſocietie.

True Loue inventor of Dauncing.

103

He firſt extracted from th' earth-mingled mind
That heau'nly fire, or quinteſſence diuine,
Which doth ſuch ſimpathy in beauty find
As is betweene the Elme and fruitfull vine,
And ſo to beauty euer doth encline.
Liues life it is, and cordiall to the heart,
And of our better part, the better part,

104

This *is true Loue*, by that true *Cupid* got
Which dauncеth Galliards in your amorous eyes,
But to your frozen hart approcheth not,
Onely your hart he dares not enterpriſe.
And yet through euery other part he flyes,
And euery where he nimbly dauncеth now,
That in your ſelfe, your ſelfe perceiue not how.

For

105

For your ſweet beauty daintily transfus'd
With due proportion throughout euery part,
What is it but a daunce where Loue hath vs'd
His finer cunning, and more curious Art?
Where all the Elements themſelues impart,
And turne, and wind, & mingle with ſuch meaſure,
That th'eye that ſees it, furfeits with the pleaſure.

106

Loue in the twinckling of your eylids daunceth,
Loue daunceth in your pulſes and your vaines,
Loue whē you ſow your needles point aduanceth,
And makes it daunce a thouſand curious ſtraines
Of winding rounds, whereof the forme remaines,
To ſhew, that your faire hands can daunce the Hey,
Which your fine feet would learne as well as they,

107

And when your Iuory fingers touch the ſtrings
Of any ſiluer-ſounding inſtrument,
Loue makes thē daunce to thoſe ſweete murmerings,
With buſie skill, and cunning excellent,
O that your feet thoſe tunes would repreſent
With artificiall motions to and fro,
That Loue this Art in euery part might ſhoe.

Yet

108

Yet your faire ſoule which came from heau'n aboue,
To rule thys houſe, another heau'n below,
With diuers powers in harmony doth moue,
And all the vertues that from her doe flow,
In a round meaſure hand in hand doe goe.
Could I now ſee as I conceiue thys Daunce,
Wonder and Loue would caſt me in a traunce.

109

The richeſt Iewell in all the heau'nly Treaſure
That euer yet vnto the Earth was ſhowne,
Is perfect Concord, th'onely perfect pleaſure *Concord.*
That wretched Earth-borne men haue euer knowne,
For many harts it doth compound in one:
That what ſo one doth will, or ſpeake, or doe,
With one conſent they all agree thereto.

110

Concords true Picture ſhineth in this Art,
Where diuers men and women ranked be,
And euery one doth daunce a ſeuerall part,
Yet all as one, in meaſure doe agree,
Obſeruing perfect vniformitie:
All turne together, all together trace,
And all together honor and embrace.

If

111

If they whom ſacred Loue hath link't in one,
Doe, as they daunce, in all their courſe of life
Neuer ſhall burning griefe nor bitter mone,
Nor factious difference, nor vnkind ſtriſe,
Ariſe betwixt the husband and the wife,
For whether forth or bake, or round he goe,
As the man doth, ſo muſt the woman doe,

112

What if by often enterchange of place
Sometime the woman get the vpper hand?
That is but done for more delightfull grace,
For one that part ſhee doth not euer ſtand:
But as the Meaſures law doth her command
Shee wheeles about, and ere the daunce doth end,
Into her former place ſhee doth tranſcend.

113

But not alone this coreſpondence meet
And vniforme conſent doth dauncing praiſe,
Comlines. For *Comlines* the child of order ſweet
Enamels it with her eye-pleaſing raies:
Faire Comlines, ten hundred thouſand waies
Through dauncing ſhedds it ſelfe, & makes it ſhine
With glorious beauty, and with grace diuine.

For

114

For *Comlines* is a diſpoſing faire
Of things and actions in fit time and place,
Which doth in dauncing ſhew it ſelfe moſt cleere,
Whē troopes confuſd which here & there doe trace
Without diſtinguiſhment or bounded ſpace,
By dauncing rule, into ſuch ranks are brought,
As glads the eye, as rauiſheth the thought.

115

Then why ſhould reaſon iudge that reaſonles
Which is wits of-ſpring, and the worke of Art,
Image of concord and of comlines.
Who ſees a clock mouing in euery part,
A ſayling Pinneſſe, or a wheeling Cart,
But thinks that reaſon ere it came to paſſe
The firſt impulſiue cauſe and mouer was?

116

Who ſees an Armie all in ranke aduance
But deemes a wiſe Commaunder is in place
Which leadeth on that braue victorious daunce?
Much more in dauncings Art, in dauncings grace
Blindnes it ſelfe may reaſons footſtep trace:
For of loues Maze it is the curious plot
And of mans fellowſhip the true-loue knot.

117

But if theſe eyes of yours, (Loue-ſtaers of loue
Shewing the worlds great dawnce to your minds eye)
Cannot with all their demonſtrations moue
Kinde apprehenſion in your fantaſie
Of Dauncings vertue, and nobilitie:
How can my barbarous tongue win you there to
which heau'n & earths faire ſpeech could neuer do?

118

O Loue my King: if all my wit and power
Haue done you all the ſeruice that they can,
O be you preſent in this preſent hower,
And helpe your ſeruant and your true Leige-man
End that perſwaſion which I earſt began:
For who in praiſe of dauncing can perſwade
With ſuch ſweet force as Loue, which dauncing (made.

119

LOue heard his prayer, and ſwifter then the wind
Like to a Page, in habit, face, and ſpeech,
He came, and ſtood *Autinous* behind,
And many ſecrets to his thoughts did teach.
At laſt, a chriſtall Mirrour he did reach
Vnto his hands, that he with one raſh view,
All formes therein by Loues reuealing knew.

A Paſſage to the diſcription of Dauncing in this age.

And

120

And humbly honouring, gaue it to the Queene
With this faire Speech: See faireſt Queene (quoth (he)
The faireſt ſight that euer ſhall be ſeene;
And th'onely wonder of Poſteritie,
The richeſt worke in Natures Treaſury;
Which ſhe diſdaines to ſhew on this worlds ſtage,
And thinkes it far too good for our rude age.

121

But in another world deuided far,
In the great, fortunate triangled Ile,
Thriſe twelue degrees remou'd from the North ſtar
She will this glorious workemanſhip compile,
Which ſhe hath beene conceiuing all this while
Since the worlds birth, & will bring forth at laſt,
When ſixe and twenty hundred yeares are paſt.

122

PEnelope the Queene when ſhe had view'd
The ſtrange-eye-dazeling admirable ſight,
Faine would haue praiſd the ſtate and pulcritude,
But ſhe was ſtricken dumbe with wonder quite,
Yet her ſweet minde retain'd her thinking might:
Her rauiſht minde in heau'nly thoughts did dwel,
But what ſhe thought, no mortall tongue can tel.

123

You Lady Muſe, whom *Ioue* the Counſellour
Begot of Memorie, wiſdoms Treaſureſſe,
To your diuining tongue is giuen a power
Of vttering ſecrets large and limitleſſe:
You can *Penelopes* ſtrange thoughts expreſſe (told,
Which ſhe conceiu'd, & thē would faine haue
When ſhe the wondrous Chriſtall did behold.

124

Her winged thoughts bore vp her minde ſo hie
As that ſhe weend ſhee ſaw the glorious throne
Where the bright Moone doth ſit in maieſty,
A thouſand ſparkling ſtarres about her ſhone,
But ſhe herſelfe did ſparkle more alone
Then all thoſe thouſād beauties would haue done
If they had been confounded all in one.

125

And yet ſhe thought thoſe ſtarrs mou'd in ſuch mea-
To doe their Soueraigne honor & delight, (ſure
As ſooth'd her mind with ſweet enchanting pleſure
Although the various change amaz'd her ſight,
And her weake iudgement did entangle quite.
Beſide, their meuing made thē ſhine more cleare,
As Diamonds mou'd, more ſparkling do appeare.

This

126

This was the Picture of her wondrous thought,
But who can wonder that her thought was ſo,
Sith *Vulcan* King of Fire that mirror wrought,
(Who things to come, preſent, & paſt doth know)
And there did repreſent in liuely ſhow
Our glorious Engliſh Courts diuine Image,
As it ſhould be in this our golden Age.

* * * *

Here are wanting ſome Stanzaes deſcribing Queene Elizabeth.

Then follow theſe.

127

Her brighter dazeling beames of Maieſtie
Were laid aſide, for ſhe vouchſaft awhile
With gracious, cheerefull, and familiar eye
Vpon the Reuels of her Court to ſmile,
For ſo Times Iourneis ſhe doth oft beguile,
Like ſight no mortall eye might elſewhere ſee
So full of State, Art, and varietie.

128

For of her Barons braue, and Ladies faire,
Who had they been elſwhere moſt faire had been,
Many an incomparable louely payre,
With hand in hand were inter-linked ſeene
Making faire Honour to their Soueraigne Queene;
Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
To a moſt ſweet and ſolemne Melody.

129

So ſubtile and ſo curious was the meaſure,
With ſuch vnlook't for chaunge in euery ſtraine;
As that *Penelope* rapt with ſweet pleaſure,
Weend ſhee beheld the true proportion plaine
Of her owne webb, weaud and vnweaud againe,
But that her Art was ſomewhat leſſe ſhe thought,
And on a meere ignoble Subiect wrought.

130

For here, like to the Silkewormes induſtry,
Beauty it ſelfe out of it ſelfe did weaue
So rare a worke, and of ſuch ſubtilty,
As did all eyes entangle and deceiue,
And in all mindes a ſtrange impreſsion leaue:
In this ſweet Labirinth did *Cupid* ſtray,
And neuer had the power to paſſe away.

131

As when the Indians, Neighbours of the morning,
In honour of the Cheerefull riſing Sunne,
With Pearle and painted plumes themſelues ador-
A ſolemne ſtately meaſure haue begun. (ning,
The God well pleaſd with that faire honour done
Sheds foorth his Beames and doth their faces kis
With that immortall glorious face of his.

132

So &c. &c. * * *

Errata in the Epiſtle.

Line 9. for diuinell, read Diuinell. line 13. for moone, read moue.

Errata in Noſce teipſum.

Page 4. lin. 16. for beere, read deepe. Pag. 5. lin. 17. for It is, read Is it? Pag. 41. lin. 9. for ſpring, read, bring. Pag. 47. lin. 21. for apprehenſion read apprehenſiue. Pag. 71. lin. 5. for vvorld, read vvould.

In Aſtræa, *Hymne 18. Line 10. for to, read doo.*

In the Poem of Dauncing, *In the 16. Stanza for imperous read impetuous. In the 40. Stan. for ſhe, read Hee. In the 74. ſtan. lin. 2. for Did read Doe. In the 99. ſtan. lin. 6. for brothers, read brother.*